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CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL

In This Issue

THE MOUNTIES IN THE ARCTIC

By Major General J. H. MacBrien

- SEA MONSTERS OF NOVA SCOTIA By Bonnycastle Dale Jr.
WHITHER GREECE? By Kenneth Matthews
BABINE LAKE By Douglas C. G. MacKay
DUBLIN -- PAST AND PRESENT By Harold P. Feeney
BARBARA HECK By Fredric H. Wooding

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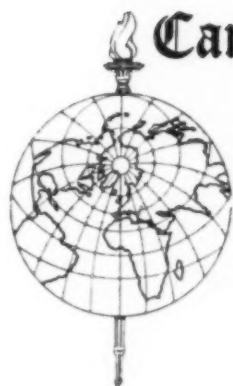
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This magazine is dedicated to the interpretation, in authentic and popular form, with extensive illustration, of geography in its widest sense, first of Canada, then of the rest of the British Commonwealth, and other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest.

The British standard of spelling is adopted substantially as used by the Dominion Government and taught in most Canadian schools, the precise authority being the Oxford Dictionary as edited in 1929.

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The picturesque if hard life holds a great attraction for many of the Mounnies who apply for northern appointments. Here is a typical Arctic winter scene of Eskimos building an igloo.

Photograph by R. S. Finnie

The Mounties in the Arctic

By MAJOR GENERAL J. H. MACBRIEN

Photographs by Royal Canadian Mounted Police and Lands, North West Territories and Yukon Branch of the Department of the Interior.

THE Royal Canadian Mounted Police is sixty-two years old—a fairly respectable age as things go on this continent. At any rate it was actively engaged in its task of maintaining law and order on and beyond the frontiers of Canadian civilization before most of those who read these lines were born.

As the years went by, and the Dominion outgrew its swaddling clothes, the Mounted Police kept pace with the evolution of the country. It became larger, it took on functions never dreamed of when it had been established, its field of operations became enormous, and, while still retaining its distinctive title, it no longer moved about exclusively on horseback, but on the contrary did most of its travelling in other ways, including some that had not been even imagined in 1873.

Nevertheless, while the Force took on many new responsibilities, it has never abandoned its original task of keeping the peace on the frontier and generally looking after the welfare of the people who live there, white and native. The task remains but the frontier has changed. Once it was west; now it is north. Yesterday the Police rode across the limitless, empty prairies; to-day they travel by canoe or dogsled or aeroplane or motor boat throughout the even more empty spaces of the Arctic. In 1873 there were a few thousand Indians between the Great Lakes and the Rockies and a handful of whites. To-day there are about 14,000 people, Eskimo, Indian and



Major General MacBrien on the Yukon, Major D. L. Laurie looking over his shoulder, Dr. Bourke, medical missionary, Squadron Leader E. L. McLean.

White, in the North West Territories and the Yukon—an area of considerably over 1,500,000 square miles, not much less than the total area of Europe outside Russia.

The North is the home of hardy men; they must be hardy to live. The Whites include missionaries, traders, trappers, prospectors, miners, Govern-

ment officials, doctors and, last but not least, the Mounted Police. They are scattered very sparsely over this immense area, for the most part in small settlements called "Forts," and these are always situated on a lake or a river, preferably at their junction. Of the Whites only a very small proportion are, of course, found in the Arctic Archipelago.

The North is a land of incredible distances. It is roadless, and therefore all travel has to be by dog sled, or by water or air. It is a land of innumerable lakes, some as big as Lake Ontario; of forests that diminish and finally disappear as you go north; of vast areas that are treeless but otherwise quite unlike the southern prairies; of mighty rivers whose systems interlock so completely that it is possible to travel in a canoe, during the short summer season, from any one point to almost any other; and of the far-flung Arctic Archipelago. Over it roam herds of caribou, sometimes only a dozen or so, but during the annual migration travelling north or south in countless numbers; much less numerous herds of musk oxen; the varied company of fur-bearing



Polar Bears travel long distances in the Arctic seas, impervious to their extreme temperature.

animals large and small; and the migratory birds including that rare variety the blue goose. The climate is nothing to brag about, almost eight months of little or no daylight and intense cold, two that for politeness' sake might be called spring and autumn, and two of summer with continual daylight, spectacular growth of flower and shrub, and inconceivable swarms of mosquitoes and black flies.

This is Northern Canada, where a number of the Police spend several years of their lives not at all unhappily. In years gone by many young men of spirit joined the Force for the sake of the opportunities of adventure it offered them in the prairie country. Nowadays most of them join it because it offers them a worthwhile career, but some enlist with the definite hope of being sent North. The Northern Service is to-day the most interesting part of our work and it attracts a very fine class of men. It is a survival of the old days when similar patrol work was performed, under somewhat different conditions, on the western plains.

Handy men who are robust, reliable, resourceful and self-reliant and not



One method of using a dog team in the Arctic, the other being to harness them tandem to the sled.

Head of a Walrus. The Eskimo carve these formidable tusks into all kinds of articles of utility.

temperamental are selected for Northern Service. At least two years' service in the Force is required before a man is sent to the Arctic, as well as special training in the operation of gasoline engines, dog driving and cooking. The length of a tour of service in the North is usually two years in the Eastern Arctic, three in the Central Arctic or North West Territories, and four in the Yukon.

Life "down North" has changed greatly during the last few years, due chiefly to the aeroplane, the radio and wireless, and also because of the development of certain mining areas. As an example of how the aeroplane has completely transformed travel in this part of Canada, take the following



comparison: In 1917 Sergeant Wight of the Police and Mr. K. G. Chipman of the Geological Survey of Canada — who, by the way, is now a member of the Executive Committee of the Canadian Geographical Society — left the mouth of the Coppermine on June 1st and arrived at Edmonton 88 days later, having accomplished the journey by boat via Herschel Island, off the Arctic coast, up the Mackenzie River and by



Police patrol travelling through rough ice in the Arctic Archipelago.



The dog team straining wildly at their traces as a small herd of caribou race across their route.

way of Slave and Peace Rivers to Peace River Station, thence by railway to Edmonton. Recently a sick person was brought out from the Coppermine to Edmonton by aeroplane in 14 hours.

Sometimes I am asked, "What is the sense of sending the Police to the Arctic? What do they do there?" It would be easier to say what they do not do than what they do. If a man in the North Country is in any difficulty of any kind, legal, matrimonial, financial or health, or if he happens to disagree with the terms of the latest Order-in-Council, he goes to tell the Policeman all about it, and expects him to mend whatever is wrong. Our men hold numerous appointments and are in fact general factotums. In one case an Inspector of Police on a winter patrol arrested a murderer, and this is what happened: As a Magistrate he committed the man for trial; as a Jailor he kept him in prison; as Deputy Sheriff he hanged him; and as Coroner he held an inquest on his body.

One of our officers, Superintendent Caulkin, who enjoys the distinction of holding even more offices than the

average Policeman on Northern duty, produced the following account of his manifold duties and responsibilities:

Inspector of the Scales am I,
And Immigration too,
As Sheriff of the Yukon,
I've processed quite a few.

A Coroner and Justice
Are added to my lot,
And many stiffs I've handled
And passed on to the plot.

As Inspector of Fisheries
I guard my scaly pets,
I give the suckers all a chance
To dodge clean through the nets.

I'm Commissioner of Marriages,
And tie 'em up quite snug,
I've only known one failure
And he was just a "Mug."

Then I am the Registrar
And function when they're wed,
I tally up their off-spring,
And check out all their dead.



The R.C.M.P. ship "St. Roch" frozen in at Tree Harbour, in the south coast of Victoria Island.

Now guess who's Indian Agent,
To guard the nomadie,
A'roaming north of fifty-nine,
Why its simply little me.

I'm the Warden and the Gaoler
Of the Prison and the Pen,
My charges cannot like me
As they fail to call again.

With Excise, Game and Customs,
And Criminal Statutes too,
The Pooh-Bah Superintendent
Finds leisure moments few.

Besides, any moments that might be classed as leisure have to be occupied in such more or less homely tasks as cutting firewood where it exists, raising and training dogs, catching and drying fish, shooting seal and walrus for dog feed and the odd caribou for human consumption, and in some cases, as on Herschel Island, cutting ice for the water supply.

One of the most interesting units in the Northern Service is our Floating Detachment on the 90-ft. vessel *St. Roch*. This small craft is at present at

Vancouver being refitted after five years' service in the Arctic, during which time she operated between Herschel Island and Cambridge Bay in Victoria Island, and elsewhere in the Arctic Archipelago. The crew consists of ten men of all ranks. Hitherto the *St. Roch* has usually wintered at Tree River on Coronation Gulf, but upon its return this year it will probably winter in Cambridge Bay. In future years it is planned to winter the boat in Walker Bay, Victoria Island.

The first Mounted Police were sent to the Arctic Archipelago in 1904, with the Canadian Government Expedition under A. P. Low. While explorers of other nationalities, such as Amundsen and Sverdrup, made important discoveries in the far north, there can be no question about the fact that much the greater part of the Arctic Archipelago was explored by British expeditions. There was therefore every justification for the act of the British Government in transferring to Canada in 1880 the title to the islands lying between the Arctic coast of Canada and the North



R.C.M.P. Post at Lake Harbour, on the north shore of Hudson Strait, Baffin Island.



R.C.M. Police patrol on the Western Arctic coast.



Royal Canadian Mounted Police dog team about to leave the post at Port Churchill.



Port Burwell, on the south side of the entrance to Hudson Strait. The buildings in the foreground are those of the R.C.M.P. Post. The H.B.C. house stands on the bench to the right.



R.C.M.P. Post at Dundas Harbour, on Lancaster Sound, south coast of Devon Island.

Pole. This transfer was confirmed by an act of the British Parliament in 1895.

Canada having thus made herself responsible for this immense area of 520,000 square miles, it became necessary to work out a practicable scheme of administration for its widely scattered inhabitants. For some time this took the form principally of an expedition sent north by the Government, by sea, every few years to gather information and keep in touch with the country and its native people. Finally in 1922 a Mounted Police Post was established at Craig Harbour on Ellesmere Island. This was followed by other posts elsewhere in the Eastern Arctic, which are kept in continuous operation, visited and supplied annually by the Government ship, and from which Police patrols are sent out to various parts of the Archipelago. The Arctic is looked after by "B" and "G" Divisions of the Police, consisting of 96 uniformed members and 14 Special Constables.

The most important and at the same time most romantic part of Police work in the far north is the patrols just mentioned. Each Detachment has a number of patrols to perform each year, some by dog sled, others by motor boat. Travelling conditions are not the

same in any two districts of the North. The objects of these patrols are to carry the mail; visit trappers, prospectors explorers and natives; follow fugitives from justice; obtain information about the country and its flora and fauna.

In order to ensure the success of these patrols careful plans have to be made, often a year or more in advance. The provision of suitable dogs, dog feed and equipment has to be looked to. Then the personnel, both Police and Native, have to be carefully selected and trained. The equipment consists either toboggans or komatiks with native fur sleeping bags or eiderdown robes. Silk tents are often carried, but igloos are built where snow conditions permit. The cooking is usually done on tin Primus or Oil stoves. The primary food for men consists of uncooked beans, bacon, flour and dried meat; for the dogs, dried meat and fish. Game and fish are secured wherever possible whilst on patrol to supplement the rations carried.

A brief account of some of these Police Patrols will perhaps give as clear an idea as anything that could be said of what the Force is doing in the Arctic, what it means to the people who live or travel there, what it is



Police Post at Pond Inlet, on the northern coast of Baffin Island, opposite Bylot Island.

adding to the sum of human knowledge.

Corporal Wight and Constable Tredgold with a party of Eskimo patrolled from Pangnirtung, Baffin Island, to Lake Harbour and return. The patrol left February 15, 1926, and returned May 6, having covered approximately 1,286 miles in 77 days. Part of the country traversed was entirely unknown either to members of the Police or the natives, and the existing maps were found to be at fault. The purpose of the patrol was to obtain information regarding a case of alleged murder. Considerable difficulty was experienced during the patrol owing to the ice barrage and lack of game for dog feed.

Two years later Corporal Makinson whilst on patrol to Bache Peninsula from Craig Harbour decided to explore a fjord not marked on the map. He discovered that it forked at a point 25 miles inland and that it branched again into two other large inlets. This was later found to be the best route from Bache Peninsula to Axel Heiberg Island and was subsequently named Makinson Inlet.

The same year Inspector Wilcox patrolled from Pond Inlet to Fury and Hecla Strait, crossing North Baffin Island. He was able to map lakes and

rivers not hitherto recorded. It may be noted that the eastern coast of Fox Basin, which Inspector Wilcox examined, was almost unknown, the latest official maps showing only an indefinite coastline.

In 1929 Inspector Joy and Constable Taggart with the Eskimo Nookapeewah, made what is probably the most outstanding patrol in the history of the Eastern Arctic. Leaving Dundas Harbour, on Devon Island, he patrolled Melville Island; crossing it he returned to Bache Peninsula, Ellesmere Island, by way of the Ringnes route, Axel Heiberg and Ellesmere Island. The patrol covered 1800 miles and took 81 days. Inspector Joy was able to correct distances on maps and reported that he had secured important data of geographical and topographical interest.

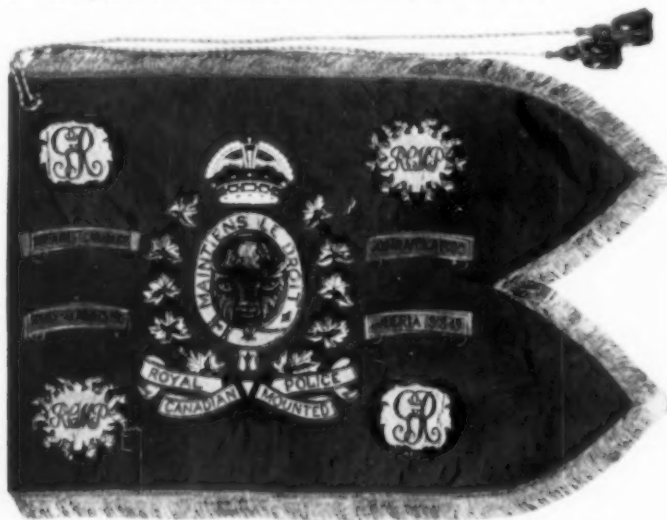
On Cornwallis Island he found a cairn containing a record dated August 8th, 1850, signed by Commander Penny of H.M.S. *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*. This vessel was engaged in the search for the Franklin Expedition, and the cairn had remained untouched for 80 years. Another cache was found on Dealy Island, established in the winter of 1852-53 by Commanders Kelly and McClintock, who were also engaged in

the Franklin search. The cache consisted of a building 45 by 20. The walls were made of slabs of sandstone, iron tanks and cans filled with sand. Bears and other animals together with the effects of time had destroyed most of the contents, but Inspector Joy reported that he found a 200 pound can of meat which was in perfect condition and which they were glad to add to their supplies.

Corporal Stallworthy with Constable Hamilton and natives patrolled from Bache Peninsula in search of the Krueger Expedition. Stallworthy travelled north, encircled Axel Heiberg Island, searching all the bays and fjords en route. He found a written record left by Dr. Krueger on the most northerly point of Axel Heiberg, and dated April 24th, 1930. He returned to Bache Peninsula on May 23rd, 1932, having covered approximately 1,400 miles. The patrol had left Bache Peninsula on March 20. Hamilton patrolled west visiting Amund Ringnes and Cornwall Islands, and returned to Bache Peninsula by way of the east coast of Ellesmere, arriving back at Bache Peninsula on May 7, having covered approximately 900 miles. Among the geographical results of these 1932 patrols were these: Schei Island was found much smaller than had previously been thought, and what formerly appeared as a separate island was discovered to be a peninsula. A fjord on the island

was found to be a shallow bay, three small fjords became one large one, and a peninsula was discovered that had not previously appeared on the maps. Stor Island was marked too far north; Talbot Inlet resolved itself into a glacier; and Payne Bluff into an island. The northern part of Axel Heiberg was found to be much more extensive than shown on the map.

So much for the Police in the Eastern Arctic. Their work in the Western Arctic may very well be represented by the Western Arctic Mail Patrol, which undertakes the carrying of mail to all the outlying points in the district. Mail is brought to Aklavik, near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, by aeroplane. There it is collected by a patrol from Herschel Island, which carries it to all intermediate points. At the same time a patrol leaves Aklavik for Baillie Island, also serving all intermediate points. Dog teams take the outgoing mail from Cambridge Bay to Bernard Harbour. Here it is picked up by other teams that carry it on to Baillie Island. These teams pick up the incoming mail and take it back to Bernard Harbour, where the Cambridge Bay teams are waiting for their share. From Cambridge Bay, some of the mail goes on to King William Island by dog teams which return in the spring. The approximate mileage of these patrols each year is 3200.



Guidon of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Sea Monsters of Nova Scotia

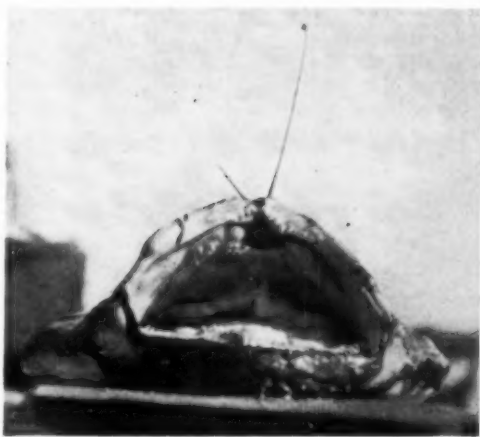
By BONNYCASTLE DALE JR.

DOWN a muddy, rock-strewn lane our roaring car lurched. The Fundy fog was so thick nothing could be seen beyond a few feet, and the reflected glare of the headlights all but blinded us. Another dip like an angry sea wave, unseen until the last moment, and we struck sandy tracks, littered and banked with eel-grass and seaweed and sea-wrack.

Now the going was smoother, but like bucking a strong tide in a scow as the churning wheels spun wildly in the loose tracks. The beach road narrowed, high tide waters lapped into the ruts on each side, the car nearly stalled, and we were both wondering if we could possibly make the rest of the half mile to the fisherman's house and the rickety wharf we sought, when out of the murk of the foggy daybreak loomed the dwelling place.

Onsiphorus Bobbet, our semi-amphibious Captain-cook-fisherman-guide, hailed us as we made a desperate charge and crawled into firmer sod ruts and to a barn. Our car housed, we piled cameras, writing materials, fishing gear and duffle bags aboard his boat the *Cockle-Shell*, a 40-footer with just an inch of spruce boards and some stout hackmatack knees between us and the bottom.

"Wind's haulin' in," 'Phorus yelled, "be clear by noon. Fog-Eater," and he waved his hand. A great white bow filled the scene on the west of our prescribed view. We could now see almost a hundred yards about us; above the fog the sun was shining from a



One of our sea monsters, the angler fish showing his living fishing pole and gristle bait.

cloudless sky, forming the sun-bow on the fog called a "fog-eater". 'Phorus meant the wind starting to blow off the coast; an "out" wind blows in from the sea, an offshore breeze is "in".

Our Captain must have smelled his way out through that pea-souper to the open ocean. We didn't see a thing until we almost brushed a "groaner buoy"

that was constantly bellowing forth its awful deafening moan. At this marker 'Phorus spun the wheel and we sped along on a new course, south-easterly.

"I hung onto that groaner all one night when me engine broke down," the fisherman told us. "Now take the wheel, young feller, while I get some gear ready. They's a ledge out here whar you might get a "Sea-Devil" on this tide."

Great jagged fangs of destruction for an unwary coaster broke up out of the sea a scant hundred yards from the spot Onsiphorus threw over the anchor. A few fathoms down through the clear green water was a rocky bottom, all waving kelp, great dark hollows and caves, and ledges where surely many a strange sea fish lurked. Our handlines were soon baited with the side of a gleaming herring and sent splashing over with several fathoms of line. Laddie was first in with a strike, and eagerly, and over hand, he hauled in a splashing skate, a small one. And to his disgust they kept him busy, five of them coming in as fast as he could handle them. A heavy ground swell rolled along under us ahead of a



The "Cockle-Shell" goes out to sea passing a notorious customs-seized rum-runner, the "Patrick and Michael", whose bones have since been laid on the bleak Labrador shore.

moderate west breeze, and a great hilly wave shouldered its way past. An "old sea" 'Phorus told us. "A byegone storm kicked up those swells, an' they're still comin' every now an' again."

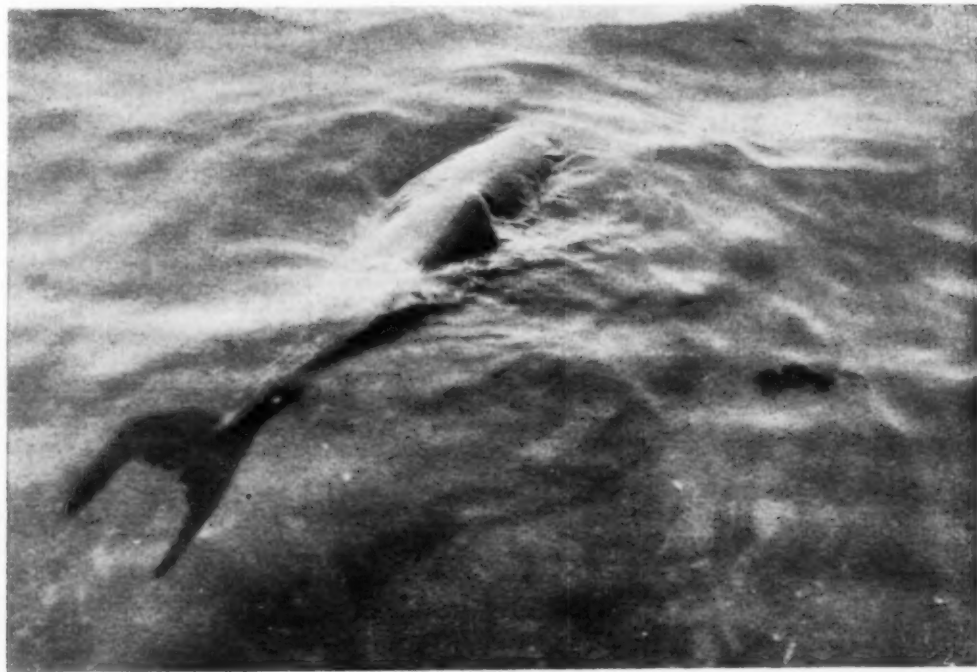
"We'll just fish while the tide's slack," he added "then we'll 'mug up'." At that moment, with a lusty yell of success, Laddie told of a mighty strike.

"He's on," he gasped, paying out line unwillingly as the great submarine animal swung the boat around. "Is it a Sea Devil?" The thing rushed about far below, the line sawed on the gunwale, and it was going out fast despite Laddie's determination to hold it. Then he nearly went over backwards as the strain was suddenly released when the fish charged back on its course. He's gone, we all thought as the loops of line came piling in. No! Still hooked. And the tug-of-war commenced again. My line was in and, camera in hand, I was perched atop the cuddy waiting for a snap, with ever a glance around for an "old sea" that might give the *Cockle-Shell* a violent lurch and send me sprawling or swimming. Not for a

moment did that great fish ease the battle; not a second's rest did Laddie give it.

Several times now a speeding dark form showed under the boat, but far down, "Looks like a Blue Dog," Onsi-phorus guessed; "a shark," he added, "they're hard fighters." In and out slithered the heavy line. Now a black fin cut the surface. The "Blug Dog" was tiring—so was Laddie, but he kept playing that shark about with many an anxious moment when it made a dive near the anchor rope. Back near the boat it swung, right at the surface. A gaff shot out, a great shower of spray drenched both men, and off sped the shark, still at the end of the line. Again it was pulled near, and this time, in a smother of spray, the gaff went true, and with a mighty heave together they pulled and slid aboard that thrashing "Blue Dog" or Mackerel Shark.

As if getting a second wind, the wolfish-looking shark renewed the battle in the cramped space in the stern of the craft, slapping its powerful tail and sending flying all it hit; snapping,



A fine close-up of a shark about to sound.

its wicked rows of teeth that made both men seek the cuddy top as they rammed at it with pick poles. It was a lively scrap there with the boat bobbing around and spray flying, and it ended with the jubilant Laddie all but played out and ready to take a breather as we examined that 200 pound "Blue Dog."

"That's only bait," Onsiphorus scoffed, "let's 'mug up' now and then go find a big one."

On our way again, eastwards, still in search of 'big one'. The westerly wind was warm, the sea quite smooth, and the *Cockle-Shell* headed for another fishing ground, just rolling easily along. Seal Island now lay far behind us. The Pubnicos, and Woods and Shag Harbours lay a few miles shorewards, and Clark's Harbour and Cape Sable an hour's run eastwards. It was a summery scene. Suddenly Laddie disturbed our lazy silence. "What's that floating thing over there?" It looked like a multi-coloured balloon from a palatial liner.

"Why, that's a Portuguese Man-of-War, a jellyfish," Phorus answered, placing it at once.

He swerved the boat and idled the engine. There the jelly-like creature sailed proudly along, a beautiful and wonderful spectacle, its semi-transparent, air-filled sail uplifted to the breeze, the first time we had ever seen this animal, or colony as it is a free-swimming community, with locomotive power as well as sail power. The colony was several pints in size, the sail all radiant greens, blues, violets and pinks ever changing in hue as the light struck it, and under the surface trailed many feet of curly, rootlike tentacles, purplish in colour, with which it steered itself around the ocean. We did not touch it. Laddie wanted to lift it aboard but Phorus warned us of its powerful stinging fluid in the dark mass of tentacles, potent enough to swell up a man's hands for days, so we left the Man-of-War sailing bravely on over the ocean wastes.

A gentle surf careened over the South West Ledges, of evil fame, off Cape Sable. The anchor splashed over. Our handlines were out. "I've got a Devil!" exclaimed Laddie. "It's alive but seems like a short log." In torturous twistings the line gyrated, a strong, heavy pull, a new specimen for us according to the struggle, though not a "Sea-Devil,"

'Phorus declared. A few minutes later the twisting, squirming thing was dragged up and into the boat, another specimen for our camera and notebooks, a Wolf-fish, 40 pounds of a round, eel-like creature, blunt head, gaping mouth bristling with vicious yellowed fangs, truly a wolfish looking creature.

"What's that great shadow?" inquired Laddie, peering over the stern of the boat. I thought I saw something, was sure of it, but in the excitement of bringing in the Wolf-fish I had neglected my own line which I had snubbed on the gunwale. My attention was diverted from the shadowy thing as I saw the line surging off against the tide. I made a frantic grab, a mighty, sweeping strike, felt the hook set into a living thing far below, a thing that floundered along, had no speed, no life, but it most certainly could pull. Pull it did in little runs as it circled.

"You've got ahold of a 'Devil,' sure," yelled 'Phorus, "Hang onto him!"

The line bit into my flesh as I hung on during the short but steady fight, fill of hard yanking pulls and runs. With the eager Laddie helping we drew up a curious creature with an enormous gaping mouth. 'Phorus slipped a dipnet under it and we all three hoisted it aboard. Another of the sea's wonders for us to study with amazement, the "Sea-Devil" locally, and the Goose Fish or Angler to describe it better. And what an Angler this ugly fish is! Upon his back, in place of a dorsal fin, are no less than three fish poles all baited with cunningly-shaped tabs of living gristle, very tempting as they wave in the tide to fish or diving fowl. A member of the Foot Fishes, this chap who looks just like a bump on the sea bottom, settles himself in a likely spot, props open his tremendous mouth and lies in wait for anything. The fish poles arch over his snout, dangling their lures, and all his numerous teeth are cleverly hidden by more tabs of gristle

resembling the bait on the poles, and woe-betide any luckless sea denizen smaller than himself that gets too near those all-engulfing jaws.

Another day, and Eastwards we slipped, ever on to the big game fishing grounds off Jordan Bay, Liverpool, Hubbards, St. Margaret's Bay, and Cape Breton, waters all famous for the sea fishing they afford, where swim hosts of those courageous sport fish the tuna, and the formidably-armed swordfish, capable of giving a fisherman a battle royal as we were to learn, a battle which might leave the anglers' boat in a sinking condition. Being equipped with rods only for salmon work we had to resort to the humble though intensely exciting handline



The finest fish of all. Freshly caught salmon from a commercial fishing "stand."

and harpoon methods of taking these hard-fighting tuna and swordfish. Cape Sable was left astern, and we eagerly looked forward to our next stop.

This long, sheltered bay of the Jordan River is the feeding and spawning grounds of myriads of herring, and here their relentless enemies, the schools of tuna, follow them and stay with them during their season. Well out in the bay we had our first tussle with the game fish that has no peer, the Horse Mackerel or Tuna. Once attached to a line in your hands, a wild, unruly sea-horse it is, bucking, fighting, thrashing, leaping, racing at a pace no land horse ever will attain, threatening to strand your dragging craft on reefs or tow it far to sea, never giving up until its life and spirit and strength are all gone.

At dawn of a foggy morning once more the *Cockle-Shell* and its crew were ready for the chase. Two fruitless days had slipped along without a grip of our quarry, even though we had seen schools of the speeding monsters. Many times the black, cutlass-like fins cleaving the water had been headed and our baits on handlines offered; breathless waits ended with sighs of failure as the fins emerged again far ahead.

As the fog cleared, 'Phorus sent the *Cockle-Shell* far out of the wide bay, skirting the commercial tuna nets and the fleets of herring nets, our fresh herring-baited lines trolling a goodly distance astern. Through the binoculars I could make out, on the far side of the bay, a boat following a bobbing "kag". I knew some harpooner had "struck." He overhauled his "kag," strained on a jumping line, a great tail beat the water. Then something struck



The giant tuna are prizes for both commercial and sport fishermen. Farmer boys "ironed" these three weighing about a ton.

me. I got a frightful yank on the hand holding my line, it burned through my fingers, got away. I dropped the glasses, made futile passes to catch that now live line and strike. Luckily, there was no need. Astern, a monster tuna suddenly flipped clear out of the water, fell broadside in a smother of spray and was speeding off, the hook firmly set in his great mouth. 'Phorus had the boat about, charging along after the tuna. Laddie got his line out of the way and together we sought to regain control of line and tuna.

Breathlessly we paid out, paid out, ever gave line to that surging speeding tuna. 'Phorus matched every turn the wild horse of ours made, forced every bit of power from the engine. Again the now thoroughly-aroused tuna, fighting an unseen enemy with all his might, threw himself far into the air, a glorious sight. Surely the line must part under the terrific strain! The two of us struggled with it, gaining a bit, losing



A Bay of Fundy trap tenders' boat comes ashore to discharge its catch into an ox-drawn wagon.



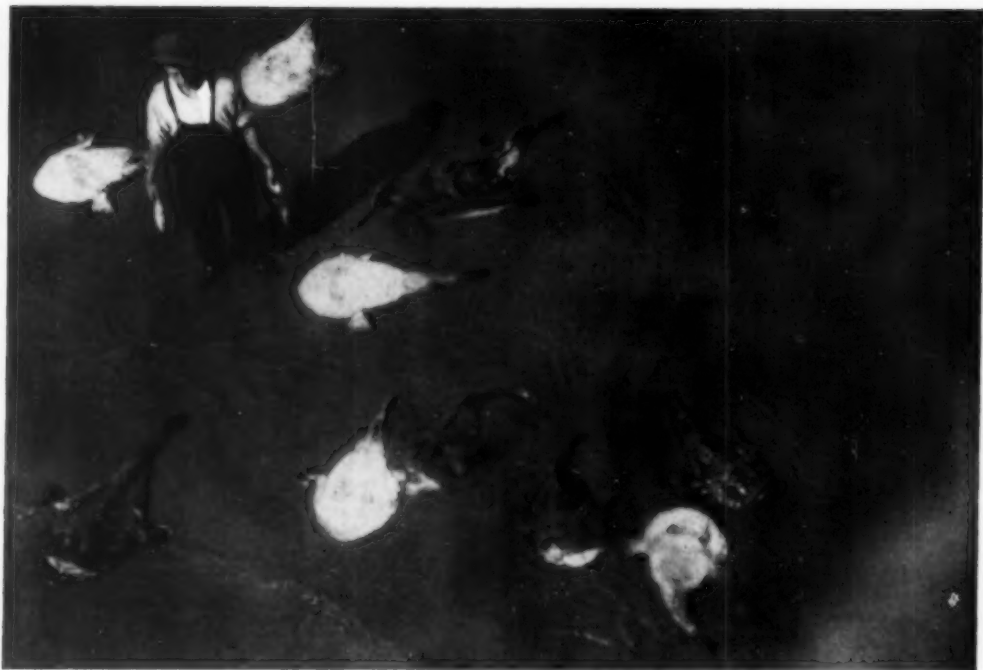
A blue-dog shark and the hardy fishermen who landed it.



Laddie with a blue-dog or mackerel shark; 190 pounds.



A quartette of "Sea devils".



Anglers or goose-fish stranded, dead, in the surf at Port Maitland, Bay of Fundy.

all and more, watchful that the coils were always clear, and it was nearly two hours later when we felt ourselves masters of our great catch. Its speed was reduced to short circles, its strength gone, and gradually we drew in our line and brought to gaff our first tuna, a handsome great fish going fully 500 pounds in weight.

This day chances came in bunches; perhaps because it was a beautiful summery day that made fish feel lazy as well as humans. Anyhow it was successful from our anglers' viewpoint. Laddie saw his chance to try his first harpooning. All eyes were now searching for a basking fish. Out there in the bay the water was calm with only a small ground swell. Off one long cove we spied a school of tuna, feeding, rolling, sunning, and finally found one apart from his fellows lounging near the surface. Tensely we waited as 'Phorus eased the boat closer and closer, then Laddie broke all the rules and instead of heaving the harpoon, suddenly did a wild series of acrobatics on the sharp prow as he lost his balance, only barely saving himself from a spill and a swim. His second chance, he made a hefty

lunge at the fish, his harpoon striking the water far from the gleaming tuna as it shot ahead like a living projectile.

We drifted around aimlessly, searching for a third chance. Towards evening it came along. Anxious to redeem himself Laddie took great pains, and this time made a lucky if not expert throw, striking deep into the lungs. This was the shortest battle with all our big fish. One great burst of speed, taking all Laddie's long line, "kag" and all, a series of short circles,—always indicative of the end,—then a furious commotion near the top, and it was all over.

Pleasant days sped along, days of carefree, slow trips, and one day we found ourselves in Cape Breton waters, looking for swordfish. It was not, however, until the following afternoon that a lucky chance brought results. The fish was swimming slowly, the wind squally, kicking up a nasty lop, but used to his stand by now, his balance just right, Laddie judged carefully. His arm was poised. Down shot the spear. Back sprayed a drenching shower of salt water. The "sword" was struck, was away, the line running free. Off went the white "kag." Now we all saw our



Studying the unattractive wolf-fish. Possibly a school of these makes a "sea-serpent."

fish clearly; he was up out of the sea heardfirst, seeming to stand on the water on his tail for a moment, then twisting, plunging sword first in vain efforts to dislodge that tormenting, killing spear-head in his great shoulder.

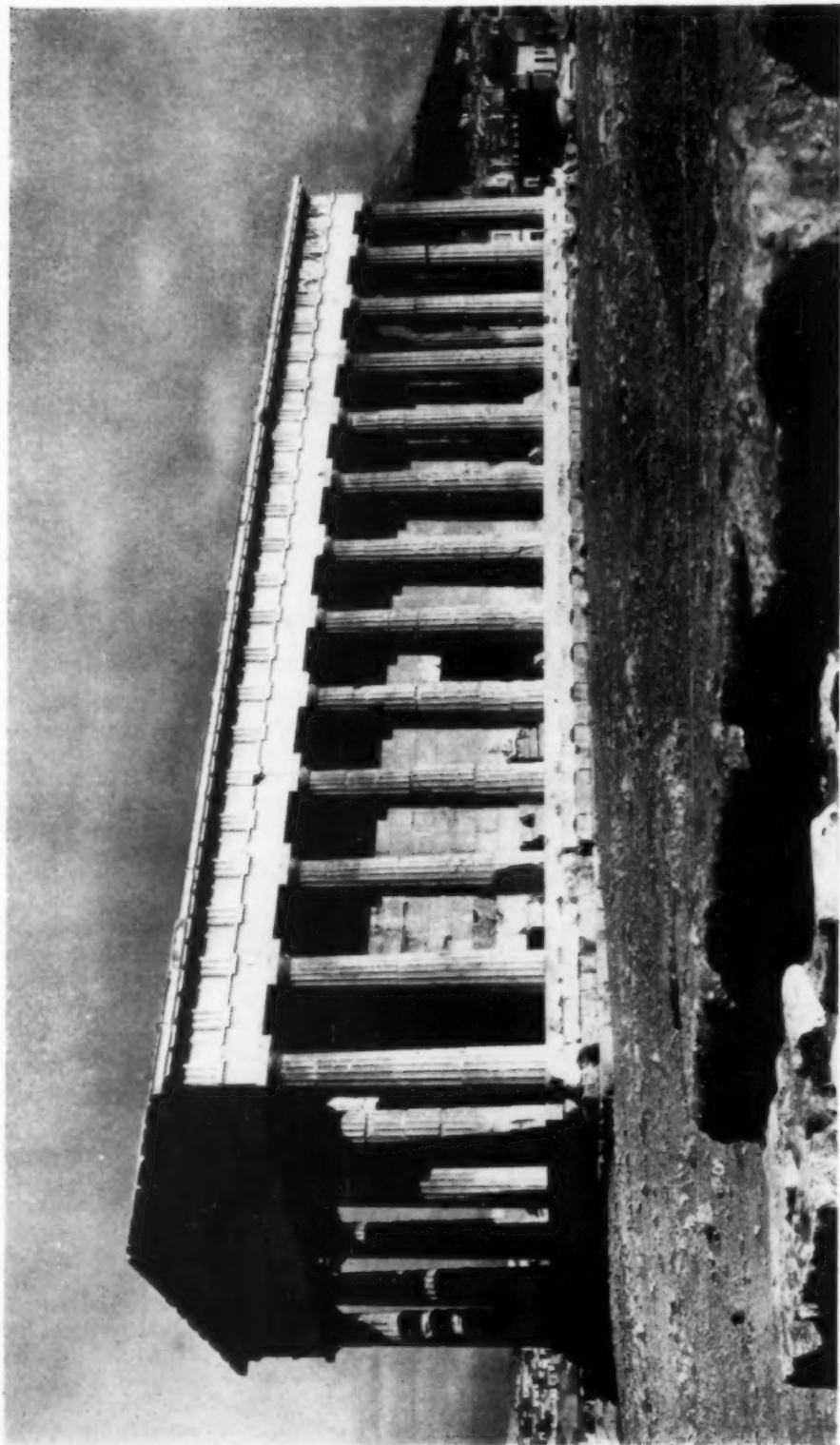
Now commenced a number of long, speeding, under-water drives that made the *Cockle-Shell's* engine roar to keep in range, but they gained the swordfish nothing, the "lily-iron" was buried in his firm flesh. The catch was a prize for us, the most desired of the whole trip, not to be mis-handled or forced. Time was ours until the fish was played out. He seemed well-spent when we finally gaffed our line and drew him in close. Played out? If you could

have seen the action that developed when he saw our craft, our moving figures, you would not think so. I learned then what it was to be rammed by an infuriated swordfish. Why he missed us the first two charges is a mystery. The boat may have bounced and let him under enough for the sword to clear, but each charge a jarring thud as if we had run full speed into a rock sent us staggering.

The end came abruptly at the third charge when he evaded our defence and struck a solid bump. It was a terrific blow. Surely something must have happened this time! Yes, something did happen. That stout line parted. Our prize fish was gone.



The Portuguese Man-of-War, a jelly-fish that hoists its sail and goes to sea.



The Theseum, a celebrated temple of ancient Greece dedicated to Theseus, Attic hero who vanquished the Minotaur. The modern city of Athens is seen in the background.

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Whither Greece?

By KENNETH MATTHEWS

THE traveller in the mountains of North Greece halts his horse and looks down for a moment at the approaching village. The white plaster on the little gabled houses throws back the sun into his eyes. On the nearer slopes they are getting melons in. The melons are grown laboriously, in terraces—no scientific farming will ever smooth or fructify this barren mountain-side. A cavalcade of mules passes him, carrying mail for the interior. The faint jingling of bells is the only noise he hears. He is thirsty and rides on.

Delphi, Olympia, Corinth, the static, triumphant marbles of the Acropolis and the wide solitudes of Epidaurus—how classic and distinct! He has left these far behind. He is face to face with living human endeavour. How do men live, alone with these unending mountains and skies? Has change any meaning for them, seeing that the path is no wider than when Lord Byron rode along it? Are they, perhaps, a real link with historic Greece, seeing that it was precisely of these mountaineers that Byron wrote:

On Suli's rock and
Parga's shore
Exists the remnant
of a line
Such as the Doric
mothers bore?

The traveller is entertained by the headman of the village. He is given Turkish coffee and sweatmeats at the village cafe, and macaroni at his host's house. He asks his questions. Yes, certainly the people are very poor—how could it be otherwise when tomatoes were so coaxed out

of the soil and then sold at less than a cent the pound?—but here was the bank where they could put their small savings and here was the school where their children were taught free, grammar and arithmetic and even French. No, it was wrong to think that they were quite isolated from the world—a day's journey westward and there was a connection by air with Athens. Yes, everybody remembered the fighting during the first Balkan War—many of them had assisted at the relief of Jannina. And so the picture is drawn in: a scattered, toiling peasantry, a land of gaunt mountains and fierce sun, scarred with battle and foreign tyranny, only remotely touched by the age of science and speed. This is the indigenous and essential Greece, the necessary background of Athenian cosmopolitanism.

We turn our attention towards Athens. We find that the city of Pericles has become, by strange antithesis, one of the foremost aerial junctions in Europe. Its specious central streets speak of

modern building. The women who decorate them are dressed in faultless style. There are a few splendid cars. Gardens and monuments and squares combine to produce the impression that poverty is by no means universal in Greece.

And the truth is that several mysterious sources of revenue supplement the earnings of that piecemeal agriculture. The tourist spends and spends generously. Greece has a large mercantile marine.



These children display to the traveller the national dress of Greece.

©Canadian Pacific.



A typical establishment in the Epirot mountains where the writer stopped for water and rest in the course of a long and tiresome journey to Jannina which took three days on mule back — a contrast to the present day time of one and a half hours by air.

An extraordinary collection of vessels comes to anchor day by day in the harbour at Piraeus, little battered freighters bought second-hand in England or Italy and bound for unexpected ports. Not infrequently Greek boats, manned by an all-Greek crew, have carried British goods between two British ports. The Greek will sail anything and sail it well. Moreover he only pays his men according to the standards of his country.

The Greek has another valuable characteristic: he is, like the Jew, a commercial nomad. The streets of Athens owe their chief monuments to the magnificence of his benefactions from Vienna, from Egypt, from Germany and America. The big schools of Greece are benefactions, nobly conceived to give to Greece something more than an elementary education, but somewhat less nobly administered. Thousands of Greeks emigrated to America and now support the relations they left behind. Many return to their native town or island to spend their declining years as objects of veneration among their

own people. Sappho's Lesbos is full of returned American emigrés. They accost one in the street: "Hullo, you guys!" They hasten to express contempt for their own country and admiration for The United States. They represent the least desirable aspect of foreign influence upon Greece.

Meanwhile, although agriculture occupies three quarters of the Greek population, various industries are arising, chiefly in the shelter of high protective tariffs. Just as agriculture in Greece is crippled by the mountainous nature of the country, so industry is crippled by the circumstance that Greece produces none of the raw materials for industry. Coal is imported. Steel is imported. Even the cocoons from which the pure and perfect Greek silk is manufactured are imported; and silk must certainly be counted among the successful industrial experiments in Greece. Some work, but mostly hand-work, is done on native cloths and leathers which are of poorer quality than the imported leather and wool:



The former Turkish town of Jannina reflected in the clear waters of its lake. Jannina is in the heart of the desolate Epirot mountains and was very hard to get to until the Greek Airways started a service. Now you can reach this centre of northern peasant industries in one and a half hours from Athens.

Greek hand-embroidery is still famous and cheap. Greece is fortunate that her factories are being built in an era of studied comfort and hygiene, but wages are desperately low, 70 drachmae (about 60 cents) for a man and 50 drachmae for a woman per day being considered a good working wage.

Measures of social hygiene must rank high among the recent achievements of Greece. The scourge of the country is tuberculosis which seems to be caused by undernourishment and will



Monasteries are very common in Greece. The monks in their flowing black robes, cylindrical, black hats and their great, dark beards show charming hospitality to travellers.

probably only vanish when grinding poverty is banished, although much is being done toward its amelioration. But the provision of pure water for the whole of Athens and Piraeus — over a million people — has gone very far in stamping out the equally dreaded typhoid. This was a romantic and considerable exploit. Up till 1926 the sole water supply of the two cities had been derived from the aqueduct of the Roman Emperor Hadrian. At the height of summer when his need was

most pronounced, the Athenian had his water run for one hour every fourth day, unless he was lucky enough to live over the main. The incursion of the Smyrna refugees in 1922 made the problem unbearably acute. Two intermittent torrents were dammed up near Marathon and the water carried into Athens over ten miles of complicated tunnelling. The dam is faced with the same marble that built the Parthenon and holds enough water for three years' consumption. And lest those who were being preserved from typhoid should succumb

to assure him that even the Struma valley was being drained and made habitable.

In considering the Greek achievement, one should never forget that it is only a hundred years since Greece has been called an independent nation, and that the original little kingdom which emerged from four hundred years of Turkish savagery extended no further north than Thessaly and left the half of the Greek-speaking peoples "unredeemed" under Turkish or Bulgarian sway. It is hard to realise, visiting the



Megaspelion Monastery hangs precariously half way up a mountain — above, sheer cliff, below, a fertile, steep valley.

to the Carybdis of malaria, a special fish is bred in the standing lake to devour mosquitoes. Malaria is another disease against which the traveller in Greece used to be warned to carry preventives. The last time I took out an insurance policy I was asked to go up for a medical examination on the grounds that I had lived in Greece. The medical adviser had been in the Struma valley during the Great War and men had died there of malaria by the hundred. I was able

islands, that scarcely thirty years have passed since these were a Turkish province. It is hard to say to oneself, as one leaves the main Athenian thoroughfares and plunges into mean, rutted lanes where a piece of canvas stretched across four poles counts as a dwelling-house: "Twelve years ago the people here were Turkish subjects." The recent history of Greece is a tale of amazing progress and vicissitude. It is closely bound up with the appearance on the



As picturesque as a stage set is this tiny harbour of Santorini, a fascinating volcanic island near Crete. Santorini is noted for its eruptions and its particularly delicious grapes from which a sweet, heady wine is made.



A large "public school" for Greek boys run on English lines is located on Spetsai, a charming little island in the Aegean, eight hours by boat from Athens.

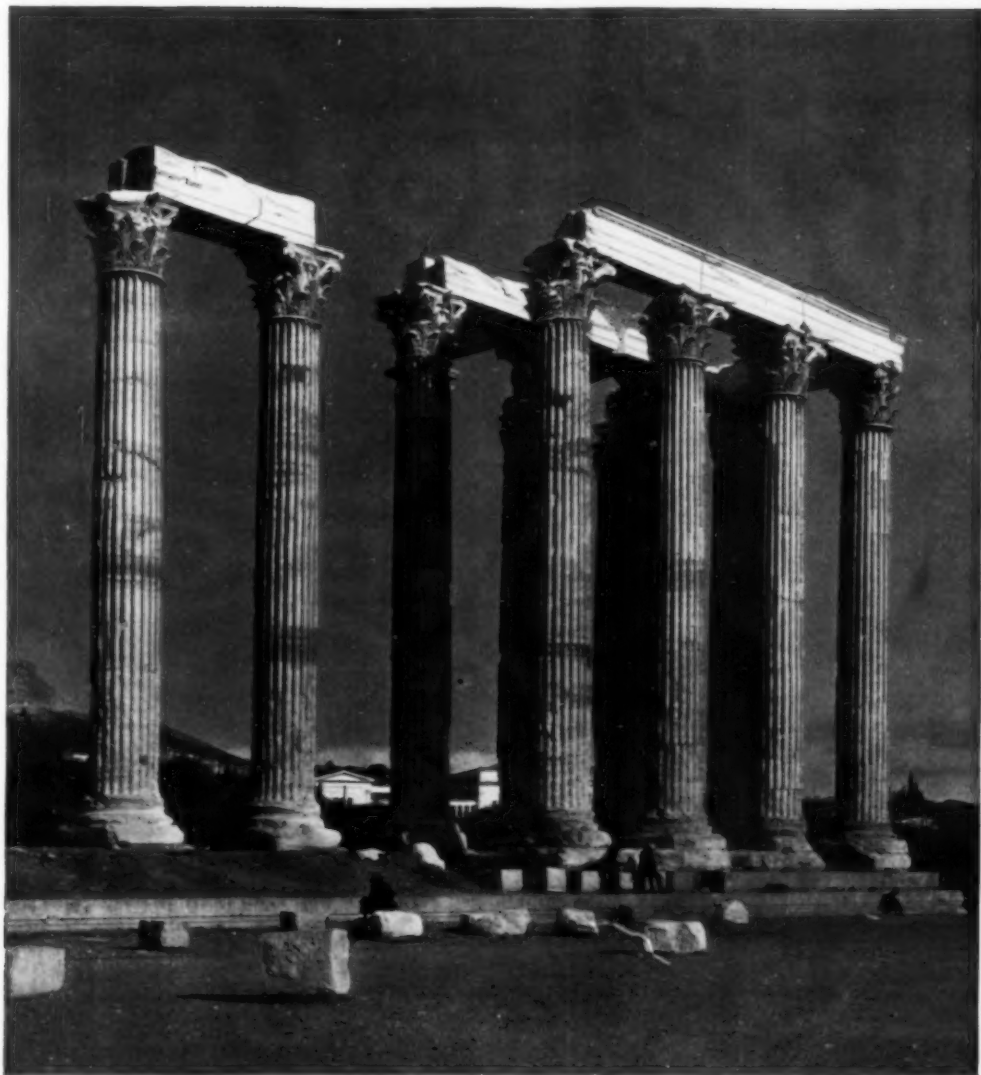
political stage of Eleutherios Venizelos, a Cretan insurrectionist, a man of ideals and great energy, whose vision was of a Greater Greece, comprising Thrace, Macedonia, the Aegean Islands and that part of the Asia Minor coast which had always been racially Greek, and all united under a single head, the then king Constantine. Venizelos was first Prime Minister in 1909. In two Balkan wars the Turk was practically driven out of Europe and Bulgaria pushed behind her natural frontiers. The Great War brought Venizelos within sight of the realisation of his dream. His plan was to join the Allies and to strike once again at the national enemies, especially at Gallipoli. But Constantine, in fear or at the instigation of Germany, declared for an obstinate neutrality, surrendering men and territory to the Bulgarians in the north and making Athens a positive hotbed of diplomatic intrigue. Two opposing forces now showed themselves in the country, one supporting the king, the other passionately eager for the larger unity of race. Finally, in 1916, came the tragic but

inevitable schism when Venizelos set up a revolutionary government at Salonica pledged to fight for the Allies, while Constantine's successive governments in Athens became so suspect of bad faith that Athens was actually bombarded by the French and British fleets. The end came in 1917 when the French insisted on the deposition of the king and Venizelos, with the war over, secured by shrewd and tireless diplomacy all his territorial concessions, including Smyrna.

But other disasters waited. The Greek people, presented with the fruits of Venizelos' policy, repudiated Venizelos. The king was recalled (1920). The Turks retook Smyrna amid scenes of awful atrocity, and a million and a half refugees, mostly old men, women and children devoid of the barest necessities of life, poured into Old Greece — a disaster unparalleled in post-War history except by the Russian famine. The king was again deposed and a republic proclaimed. It is not belittling the heroism of Greece to say that this gigantic refugee problem was only solved



In the heart of the Pireaus, the busy port of Athens. Melons are being unloaded from coasting boats.



The ruined temple of Zeus at Athens retains its classic beauty. At the left the Acropolis is partly seen in the background.

©Canadian Pacific.

by international effort, in which the United States was prominent. Doctors and nurses of all nationalities gave up their lives in fighting epidemic and starvation. Greeks gave their estates over to house the children. The money subscribed was used to set up craftsmen in their old trade, to teach the children new trades, to establish small peasant proprietors in the North. It is still early to say what measure of success will be attained in all this. The traveller may see, for example, the potters who made

the famous Kiroutachia ware at work in unaccustomed surroundings at Phaleron. The financial crisis has endangered the agricultural experiment. But it is extraordinary and significant that it is precisely since the date of the Smyrna disaster that Greece has made her greatest material progress. It argues a vital racial spirit.

I am no prophet, but I fancy I have left unmentioned one of the chief resources of Greece. I mean her natural beauty, her climate, her clear sunlight



Greece may well become the playground of Europe. The blue Aegean is perfect for boating and swimming. The warm, cloudless days, sun and sea breezes turn one golden-brown.

and bright air, her warm, winding coasts. The islands of Greece have always been the promised paradise of dreamers and they are still wild and unknown and paradisaal—pine trees and still, blue sea. Only the great seaplanes going India-wards roar overhead and an occasional foreigner's yacht puts into their quiet harbours. It is impossible that this state of serene unsophistication should continue. Every year travel becomes faster and easier, the tourist will scorn to know no more of Greece than the

pillars of the Acropolis, the Temple of the Pythian Apollo and Praxiteles' Hermes. This Greece, washed by clear seas and free, by necessity, of the grime of workshop and mine, in the throes of self-emancipation during this generation, may well become the playground of Europe during the next. And since there will always be escape and desolation in the endless mountain ranges of the interior, not the most fastidious traveller will need to regret the change.

BABINE LAKE

By DOUGLAS C. G. MacKAY

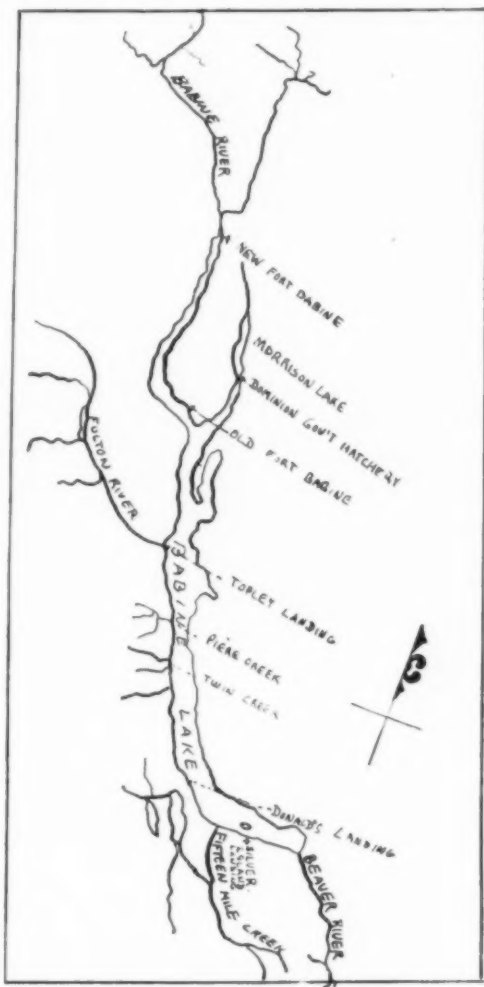
BABINE Lake, which lies north of the Skeena river, in central British Columbia, was first seen by white men in February 123 years ago when D. W. Harmon and James McDougall, of the North West Company, first-visited it. McDougall was a one-time subordinate of Simon Fraser and a most popular fur-trader who had a special knack of establishing friendly relations with savage tribes. Harmon was a man of wide and varied experience. It appears that he had contemplated the trip for some time and that he had already seen two Babine Indians. Apparently McDougall's knowledge of Indian dialects and his manner of establishing peaceful introductions led Harmon to attempt the trip at this time. Together they set out from Stuart Lake on the 30th of January, 1812, accompanied by twelve servants as a bodyguard and two carriers as middle-men and interpreters. After seven days' travel over frozen lakes the two friends came upon Indians who had never before seen a white man, and upon reaching the village of these Indians their appearance created surprise and consternation. In this connection Harmon writes—

"As their village stands on a rise of ground, near to a large lake, they saw us coming when we were at a considerable distance from them; and the men women and children came to meet us, all of whom were armed, some with bows and arrows, and others with axes and clubs. They offered no offence; but by many savage gestures, they manifested a determination to defend themselves in case they were attacked . . .

"The day following we proceeded on our route and during our progress we saw four more of their villages . . . They showed us guns, cloth, axes, blankets, iron pots etc. which they obtained from their neighbours Atenâs, who purchase them directly from the white people".

Harmon says that the population of the villages then visited amounted to about two thousand. According to Morice this had declined to about two hundred and fifty by 1905, and the present writer is of the opinion it is even less at the present time.

In 1822 the Hudson's Bay Company, wishing to extend its influence north from Stuart Lake,



Sketch map of Babine Lake.



Fifteen Mile Creek. The writer is seen counting salmon as they migrate up-stream.

decided to establish a fort on the northern shore of Babine Lake. For years the Babine Indians had been buying wares both from the south-east and from the Pacific coast. Babine Lake was already famous for the abundance of its salmon upon which the Indians largely subsisted, and it was thought that a fort would both open up a new market for the company's products and would also facilitate the procuring of salmon. Accordingly one was established on the northern shore of the lake, in latitude $55^{\circ}4'$, in the year 1822. For some twenty years following the fort was variously known as Kilmaurs, Killmars or Kilmers, but it is now called Old Fort Babine, a new Fort Babine having been built some years later.

Old Fort Babine in the early days was famous for the large quantity of salmon which it yielded, and as late as 1846 there is a record of 30,000 salmon having been sent out in one season. However, from the standpoint of the trader, the fort was of secondary importance. Many of the Indians were in the habit of taking their pelts to the

Skeena River for barter with adventurers from the coast. A strange product formerly obtained at Fort Babine was a kind of putrid salmon grease which would nowadays be thoroughly disgusting but which at that period was relished by white men and Indians alike. The abundance of salmon also led to the custom of summering the Stuart Lake sleigh dogs at this place.

The origin of the name "Babine," applied first to the tribe and later to the lake, is of considerable interest. It was customary for the Babines to have their women wear from the time of puberty onward a plug of bone or hardwood an inch or more in diameter between the teeth and lower lip. In this manner the lips were distended so that the early French-Canadian fur-traders came to call them all "Babines" or "Lippy-people."

During the years which followed the post of Old Fort Babine had a most unsettled and unhappy history. In 1836, in order to regain some of the trade being lost to the Psimpseans of the Pacific coast and in order to get closer to the salmon fishery, it was decided



Sunset on Babine Lake. A view taken at Topley Landing on the north-western shore of the lake.

to build a new fort at Hwo'tat at the end of the lake where the present trading-post is located. William McBean, an educated half-breed, was then in charge, and he was ordered to make no further improvements to the old fort but to prepare materials for the new one. However his difficulties at the time were such that work proceeded slowly.

Finally McBean was sent to Fort Connolly and William Morwick, formerly of the Orkney Islands, succeeded him. Morwick's career was cut short through his possession of an interpreter lacking both in patience and in tact. Owing to some indiscreet remarks a fight ensued which led to the stabbing of the interpreter by an Indian. Meanwhile word went through the native village that the Indian had been killed and his son-in-law "Grand-Visage" decided to take vengeance. Now Fort Babine possessed the unusual luxury in those days of two glass windows. Inside the room Morwick happened to be walking back and forth as Grand-Visage looked in. Taking steady aim the Indian shot and killed him. Realizing that there would

be plenty of time before an avenging party could come from Stuart Lake, Grand-Visage built a block-house and his friends pillaged the fort. Finally the Stuart Lake party did arrive, but so thoroughly was the murderer entrenched by this time that it was only after determined efforts that he was captured and killed.

Morwick was succeeded at Fort Babine by D. Cameron who was scarcely more fortunate than his predecessor by whose spectre he was haunted. During the period of his stay at Babine he was obsessed with the idea that his sanity was leaving him, and, as he said in a letter, "It is only by a violent and painful effort that I can keep my passions within the limits of prudence." The suppressed desire to kill Indians proved almost too strong for him on many an occasion. The arrival of missionaries not long afterwards seems to have quieted the Indians and to have at last ended a series of bloodthirsty and savage acts.

In a book published in 1874, Charles Horetzky describes a trip through Babine Lake in a leaky canoe which he and his



Pack dogs are a popular means of transport among the Indians of Babine.



The quest of precious metal. A prospector at work on Fifteen Mile Creek.



Quartette Falls on Fifteen Mile Creek. These falls offer an impassable barrier to the further migration of salmon on this creek.



"Chi-f" Daniel Leon with his wife at Topley Landing.



*Northern phalarope on
Babine Lake.*

companions found on the shore. The trip was made in 1872 at the suggestion of Sandford Fleming, who was anxious to investigate all possible routes for the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was made during a stiff "Sou'Wester" with the sky dark and gloomy and the temperature 20 to 25 degrees below zero. George M. Dawson, of the Geological Survey of Canada, explored the lake in 1879.

The lake is approximately 105 miles long with a maximum width of about six miles, and a maximum depth of about 680 feet; it is situated at an altitude of 2,327 feet. The shores for the most part are rocky and barren with high precipitous banks, and scanty vegetation near their summits. At the southern extremity, however, there is an arable belt extending to Stuart Lake of some 200,000 acres of excellent agricultural land. Of this 20,000 acres have been set aside for preceptors, and two or three hardy pioneers have already taken up land near the lake despite considerable hardships. One man of German birth and upbringing, with whom the writer talked, had at great labour constructed a two-story log cabin with a cellar and was on the point of calling his wife-to-be from the Fatherland when his cabin burned to the ground. Undismayed, he spent the following winter in the cellar of his former house and spread a canvas overhead for a roof. He seemed most optimistic despite this misfortune and said that he already owned a car, though

it was out of order and abandoned on a very terrible stretch of road.

At the present time Babine Lake is almost as difficult of access as it was at the time of its discovery. It is probable, however, that roadwork now in progress may greatly facilitate transportation thereto in the near future. There are four principal routes to the lake, all of which are slow and subject to countless unforeseen delays. The first is from the town of Burns Lake, on the northern route of the Canadian National Railways, over a rough wagon road which runs via Taltapin Mine to the lake at Silver Island Landing near its south-eastern extremity. The second route follows the road previously mentioned for approximately half its length when it branches off in a north-westerly direction to touch the lake at Donald's Landing, some thirteen or fourteen miles from Silver Island Landing. Thirdly there is the road from Topley to Topley Landing, much to the northward. Lengthy as this route undoubtedly is, it has much to recommend it, and it is the only route over which a regular year-round service is maintained, the service being twice-monthly. The fourth route is by motor over a good automobile road from Vanderhoof to Fort St. James on Stuart Lake, a distance of forty-one miles, and thence by boat to the western extremity of the lake. The nine mile portage from Stuart Lake to Babine Lake may be made by wagon, if available, and, if one be extremely fortunate he will be able to

Fulton Falls on the Fulton River.



engage an idle Indian to take him to his destination on Babine Lake.

Great activity has prevailed in the search for minerals during the past two decades especially in the southern portion of the lake on the slopes of the south-eastern extremity of the Babine Range. The entire region is heavily mineralized. In close proximity to the lake silver, gold, copper, galena, iron and zinc have been reported and many mineral claims have been staked. Development of one mine was for a time pushed forward vigorously and it was bonded for \$75,000. However, mining activities are now at a standstill.

The lake has numerous tributaries some of which provide outlets for lakes of considerable extent. The Fifteen Mile Creek system alone drains an area of more than 300 square miles including Taltapin Lake, a beautiful body of water more than 5,500 acres in extent. Most of these streams, at least near the lake, are salmon-spawning grounds of importance, and are visited by the Indians in the late summer and early autumn for the purpose of getting a store of dried fish to last them through the winter months. The streams toward the southern end are principally used as spawning grounds by the Sockeye salmon, and by a few Coho salmon. Other species come in large numbers only as far as the northern end.

Once the home of countless moose, bear and other big game, these animals are rapidly decreasing in number. Fishing, however, remains excellent though

few avail themselves of its attractions. Rainbow trout should be mentioned as being particularly abundant and relatively easy to catch.

Babine Lake is within the so-called dry-belt of northern British Columbia. While rainfall figures for the lake are not as yet available, those for Fort St. James, but 50 miles distant as the crow flies and situated at an elevation of 2,225 feet, will give some idea of the precipitation and temperature of the region. These records have been taken over an extended period, and for the thirty-five years ending September 30, 1929, show an average annual precipitation of 15.8 inches, with a maximum of 24.9 inches, and a minimum of 9.8 inches. The average annual temperature for the same place has been plus 34°F with a minimum (1907) of minus 58.5°F, and a maximum (1895) of 96.5°F.

At the present time the shores of the lake cannot boast a white population of more than one dozen men, most of whom originally came to the region as prospectors or miners. Among them are interesting and amusing characters, men who have "lived" and are now content to dwell where a cow, a horse or a sewing machine would be a nine days' wonder. The writer recalls visiting one resident who has occupied the same cabin for more than a quarter of a century. After an effusive welcome he asked the day of the month, and explained that it was nearly five years since he had owned a calendar. His



Typical Indians of the Babine district.

cabin had been built without windows and roofed entirely with bark. The only luxury was a coal-oil lamp, if that may be so described. In honour of our visit the lamp had been lighted, though it happened to be broad daylight outside. Formerly he had been a New England oyster fisherman. A small boat built from home-made lumber enables him to catch a few fish, and by the aid of traps and snares some rabbits and other small game are procured. Provisions left over by occasional travellers provide him with a modicum of flour and sugar to supplement the fish and game and thus enable him to carry

on his persistent search for precious metal.

Probably the best known man of the region is Lyster Mulvaney, otherwise known as "Barney," who boasts that he ran away from home to avoid getting an education. Mulvaney, who knows the region thoroughly, has served in a multitude of capacities and is a born woodsman. Once rich but now poor, Mulvaney assures his friends that money has little to do with real happiness, and the writer suspects that he is probably one of the few people to whom the depression is of no real interest.

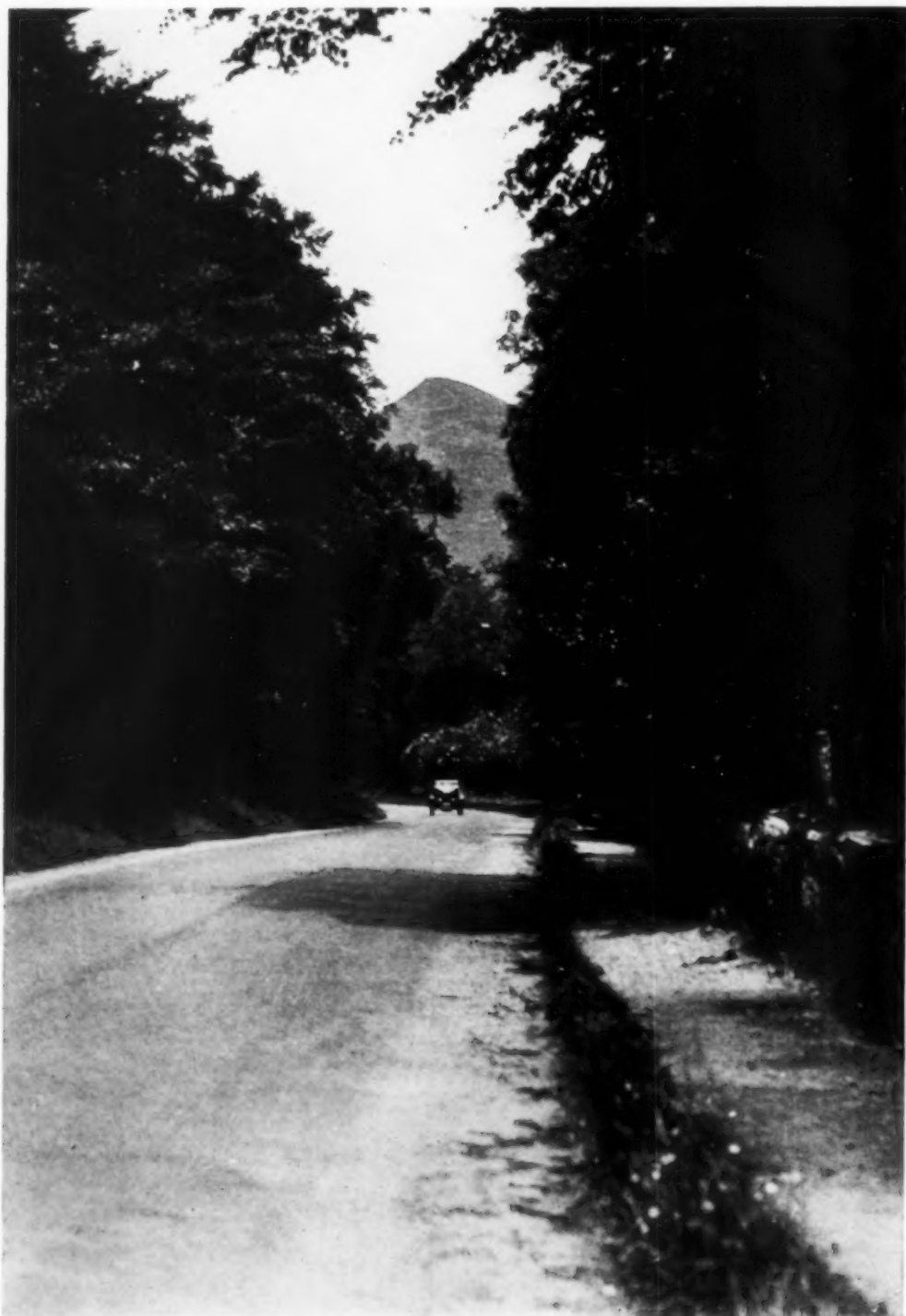




Hudson's Bay Company buildings at New Fort Babine. The Indian village is just beyond them.



This vessel was built many years ago for use as a floating store to be towed about Babine Lake, in anticipation of a large influx of settlers. It was never used and the failure is said to have been due to two causes—first, the lack of settlers and second, the fact that the boat did not float.



Roads to Dublin are no longer rocky. The Sugar Loaf Mountain is a well known landmark as one approaches the Irish Free State capital from the south-east.

Dublin - Past and Present

By HAROLD P. FEENEY

NOTWITHSTANDING the many vicissitudes through which Ireland has passed in the course of her colourful history, the age-old charm of Dublin remains unchanged. Indeed, the march of progress with its concomitant erection of modern buildings cheek by jowl with hoary structures, some of which have stood for centuries, as well as the operation of efficient public services, serve to accentuate rather than depreciate the charm of one of Europe's most picturesque cities.

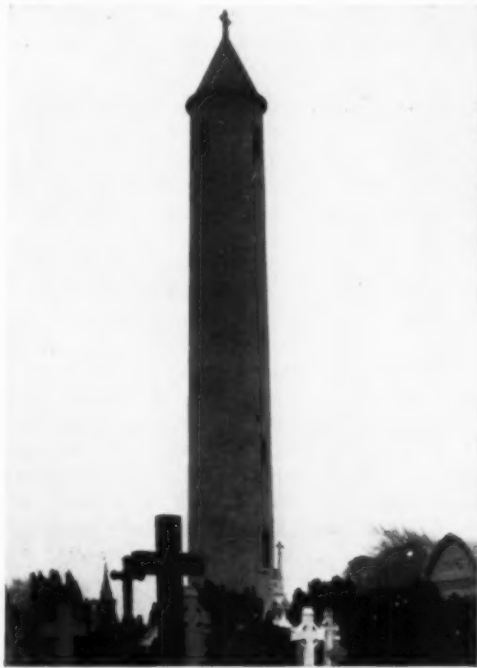
That Dublin, known in the days of its earliest settlement as the "City of the Hurdle Ford," because of the fact that a few rough boards then constituted the only means of crossing the river Liffey dryshod, can rightfully lay claim to antiquity is amply supported by history which records that in the year 291 the inhabitants, who appeared to be perpetually at war, sanguinarily defeated the neighbouring people of Leinster. The city was usually made the headquarters of invading forces, hence the hereditary renown of the citizens for their pugnacity. In contemporary times the ebb and flow of political events which culminated after a period of pitiless internecine strife in the birth of a new member of the British Commonwealth of Nations has not only widened the breach between the leading political parties of

the country but has also, apparently, hopelessly split these parties into bitterly opposing factions.

For nearly four hundred years before the formal establishment of Dublin as a city by one Meilleur Fitzgerald, Lord Chief Justice in 1204, the future capital was an object for the possession of which there was an almost continuous struggle. In this connection the Danes, traces of whose occupancy remain, were easily the worst and most persistent enemies of the city upon the capture of which they set high value. Taken by them early in the 9th Century and later lost, they missed an opportunity of regaining the city when believing they had been defeated instead of victorious over Brian Boru, King of Munster and claimant to the title of Ard-Reigh or King of All-Ireland, at the Battle of

Clontarf in 1014, they retreated instead of advancing to reap without further opposition the reward of their second successful invasion.

Sixty-one years later, however, the Danes returned to Ireland and this time again took Dublin which they held until 1118, when they were attacked and routed by a citizen army. But the victory proved a short-lived one for in 1124, the Danes recaptured the city which they held until 1136, when they were again ousted. Once more, in 1171 they returned in greater



The O'Connell Monument in Glasnevin Cemetery. At the right is seen the mausoleum of some of those killed in the Easter, 1916, Rebellion. Note the predominance of Celtic crosses.



Christ Church Cathedral, founded by Sygbryd (Silkbeard), Danish King who conquered Dublin in the year 1038.

force than ever, determined to seize and hold the city for good, but on this occasion they found themselves opposed, not by their old enemies but by the Anglo-Normans who terminated forever their dream of conquest. The Anglo-Normans' decisive victory was followed by the bestowal by King Henry II of the government of Dublin on Henry de Lacy. At the same time His Majesty, as a mark of his royal pleasure, granted by Charter to the subjects of Bristol, England, the city of Dublin to inhabit and to hold in perpetuity with all the liberties, benefits and free customs enjoyed by his liege subjects in Bristol and also throughout all England.

Apart from a few sporadic fights with some of the native tribesmen who for long had been casting envious eyes at the fertile plains of Leinster, the good people of Dublin now governing their city under a Royal Charter granted them in 1204 by King John, which superseded all previous incorporations, lived in comparative peace until 1315, when history records that certain sub-

urbs were burned to the ground to prevent their capture by a new invader, Henry Bruce, who came, saw, but failed to conquer. Later among the outstanding events in the history of the city was the unsuccessful rebellion against the English led by Lord Robert Fitzgerald.

It was some years after the Fitzgerald Rebellion that Dublin Castle, today one of Dublin's most interesting links with the past and for centuries the hub of British rule in Ireland, was established. Few of the original group of administrative buildings remain, but the Castle itself with its Chapel Royal, a gem of medieval architecture in which hang the emblazoned banners of the Knights of St. Patrick, stands as it was built in the 16th Century which period in a country where the events of ages past are referred to as if they had occurred but yesterday and people of simple but unshakeable faith speak of their national saints as though they enjoyed personal acquaintance with them, is regarded as being quite modern by comparison with some of the capital's other historic



A section of Upper O'Connell Street showing Nelson's Pillar and, at the left, the General Post Office, Irish Republican Army Headquarters during Easter Week, 1916.

monuments as, for example, St. Patrick's Cathedral built in 1190, by John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, on a site said to have been occupied by a chapel erected by St. Patrick about 448.

Volumes have been written concerning the Cathedral and the turbulent times it has witnessed. Here, during the Wars of the Roses, the Earl of Ormond took refuge. The Earl of Kildare promised that the fugitive would suffer no harm if he surrendered but Ormond was not taking any chances and before venturing into the open cut a hole in the wall of the Chapter House through which he invited his opponent to shake hands. Here it was, too, that William of Orange returned thanks for his victory of the Boyne.

Possibly, however, the most humanly interesting of the many priceless memories the Cathedral perpetuates, certainly that one before which visitors pause a little longer than elsewhere, is the flagstone grave of the terrible Dean Swift bearing his famous epitaph . . . "Here lies the body of Jonathan Swift, for thirty years Dean of this

Cathedral, whose savage indignation can no longer gnaw his heart. Go traveller and imitate if you can one who played a man's part in the defence of Liberty." Close to his own "together in Death," lie the remains of Swift's "beloved" Stella, while not far away is the grave of the Dean's servant whose years of faithful service, a wall-plaque records, earned for him a last resting-place within the precincts of the Cathedral.

Antiquated as it is, St. Patrick's Cathedral is not the most ancient of Dublin's great historical monuments. There is also Christ Church Cathedral, built by Sygbryd (Silkbeard), a Danish King, in 1038, in which imposing structure are the tombs of Strongbow and his son while chained to a wall is a metal box said to contain the heart of St. Lawrence O'Toole, an Archbishop of Dublin who died in Normandy in 1180.

Across the Liffey from Christ Church, tucked away in a maze of shabby streets behind the Four Courts, itself an ancient building from which the



On the Liffey. The docks of Dublin looking towards Dublin Bay.



Dun Laoghaire Harbour, the terminus of the principal mail and passenger service between the United Kingdom and Ireland. Dublin Bay is in the background.



The handsome building of the Dublin Customs House.



The Four Courts, Dublin, from which are directed the judicial functions of the Irish Free State.



The entrance to Leinster House, assembly place of the Irish Free State Parliament.

judicial functions of the Irish Free State are directed, is St. Michin's, often called Dublin's "Chamber of Horrors", which is reputed to have been built early in the 11th Century by the Danish chieftain then occupying the city.

St. Michin's was erected on the site of an oak forest which is held to be the reason for the peculiar desiccative qualities of the atmosphere of the church vaults in which can be seen in a state of remarkable preservation the bodies of many of Dublin's great of long ago. What were once velvet or leather-covered caskets have disintegrated with the passing of the centuries, but their contents remain startlingly life-like. There is, for instance, the fully-accoutred body of a Crusader, limbs crossed Crusader-fashion and whose face and hands bear the appearance of lightly tanned leather. The finger joints of this warrior who has lain here for over eight hundred years are still flexible while hair and eyebrows retain their colour.

Lords and their ladies, judges, generals, leaders of church and state

and other distinguished citizens lie shelved in the gloomy crypts below the church their only living company the huge spiders that the rays of the verger's flashlight occasionally disturb.

In the church itself, which is still regularly used as a place of worship, one finds a more cheerful memento of the past in the form of the organ on which the great Handel rehearsed his "Messiah" before its première in Dublin.

Crossing the Liffey again, a few minutes walk through some representative business streets, the names of which as in the case of all of Dublin's thoroughfares are marked in Gaelic and English, one reaches Trinity College founded and built under Royal Charter during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and in the magnificent library of which is exhibited the Book of Kells, a marvelously illuminated transcription of the Gospels dating from the 8th Century. One page of the Book is turned daily, six months being necessary to reveal the contents of the priceless volume. There is also here the original harp of Tara, battered and worn and without



College Green; at left, the Bank of Ireland which housed the Irish Parliament following the Act of Union. In the background is Trinity College, founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

strings or keys. A tablet records that the venerable instrument was played by a descendant of one of the Kings of Ulster as recently as the latter part of the 18th Century. The harp is the official emblem of the Irish Free State and appears on Free State coins of all denominations.

Facing Trinity College lies College Green, scene in 1783 of the mustering of volunteers from all parts of Ireland to demand the Reform of Parliament. The north side of the Green is almost completely occupied by the old Irish Parliament House, now the Head Office of the Bank of Ireland. Under the massive portico, up and down the same track worn in the pavement by the feet of generations of sentries under the British regime, paces a green-clad Free State soldier while in the court are mounted trophies captured, by now disbanded Irish regiments, in France and Flanders.

A few hundred yards off Nassau Street one encounters ancient history again in the National Museum a veritable storehouse of Irish treasure and folklore.

In the Main Hall is displayed a portion of St. Patrick's crozier. Facsimile reproductions of Celtic crosses centuries old and still standing where they were originally erected throughout the country overshadow ease upon ease of gold torcs and cumulae, exquisite golden cups and vases, jewelled shrines, crowns and ornaments of personal adornment, all of which bear the stamp of a singularly striking art convention.

Among many other public buildings of historical interest in modern Dublin, Kilmainham Gaol deserves mention. Founded originally as a Monastery in 606, it served this purpose until 1184, when the Knights Hospitallers received from Strongbow a grant of all the lands of Kilmainham. In 1542, the Knights surrendered the hospital to the British authorities by whom it was for many years maintained as the official residence of the Irish Viceroys. Later, when the handsome Viceregal Lodge in Phoenix Park was built, Kilmainham became a home for old soldiers. It is now a prison and behind its grim, grey walls were executed

a number of the leaders of the Easter 1916 Rebellion.

Rambling around present-day Dublin, one cannot help being impressed by the number of magnificent old residences one comes across in unexpected places. These great mansions were for the most part the town houses of the landed gentry many of whom left Ireland to settle elsewhere after the passage of the Act of Union. No expense was spared in the erection of these buildings which from being the homes of small families with plenty of money became the domiciles for several decades of large families with little or no money, until eventually some were demolished to make way for civic improvements, others were vacated, while with their bullet-scarred facades offering mute testimony to the bitter street-fighting of 1916 and subsequent years, many of these fine old houses are now second-rate hotels, boarding houses and congested tenements.

On Merrion Square within a stone's throw of one of Dublin's poorest districts is the birthplace of the Duke of Wellington. Not far away is the site of the house in which Swift was born; and where is to be found an Irishman who does not experience a thrill of pride at mention of the names of such intellectual giants as Edmund Burke, James Clarence Mangan, Thomas Moore, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Michael Balfe, Wolfe Tone, all of whom were born in Dublin; or those of John Philpott Curran, Daniel O'Connell the Great Emancipator, John Hogan the famous sculptor, Samuel Lover, Thomas Davis, Sir William Wylde and George Petrie the celebrated antiquarian, all of whom at one time or another lived and laboured in the city.

As to the bewildering number of its memorials and statues Dublin in this regard ranks with London, Paris and Berlin. On O'Connell Street alone, said to be the widest business thoroughfare in the British Empire if not in the world, there stands within a third of a mile the O'Connell Monument, a statue to Father Matthew the great temperance advocate, Nelson's Pillar, a shrine dedicated to the Sacred Heart and the Parnell Memorial. Other statues in the

neighbourhood commemorate such great Irishmen as Smith O'Brien, Moore, Burke, Goldsmith and Grattan. A particularly fine statue of Queen Victoria and the Collins-Griffith-O'Higgins Memorial in the forecourt and grounds respectively of Leinster House the assembly-place of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, comprising the Parliament of the Irish Free State, the lofty Wellington obelisk in Phoenix Park, the Royal Irish Regiment War Memorial, as well as the Hogan, Chantrey and Van Nost sculptures outside the City Hall also command interest.

The Nelson Pillar, over one hundred feet high, and commemorating on massive bronze panels at its base the victories of the great British admiral at the Nile, Trafalgar, St. Vincent and Copenhagen, is easily one of the city's outstanding landmarks. Proposals, nevertheless, have from time to time been made that it should be demolished as being out of place in the Irish capital. In respect of such suggestions Dubliners smile and recall a former mayor who when asked by an anglophobe alderman, member of a particularly refractory Council, why he did not have the Pillar pulled down retorted that he would have attended to this matter long before had he been able to muster sufficient members of the Council who would pull together on any one thing.

Lord Nelson, still standing atop his lofty column surveying with his sound eye the roofs of south Dublin and the majestic mountains beyond, will doubtless never encounter the fate of King William of Orange whose fine equestrian statue in College Green disappeared some years ago from its plinth which still awaits a new tenant.

Though they have been but lightly touched upon the rich historical associations of the Irish capital form, from whatever angle they are viewed, the inseparable background of modern Dublin, a truly noble city extending for some miles north and south of the many-bridged tidal Liffey and which spreads westward until its bricks and mortar meet and then merge into the emerald-green pastures of the undulating Leinster countryside.

BARBARA HECK

By FREDRIC H. WOODING

LAST year Canada celebrated the anniversaries of many interesting events, but by no means the least of these was the commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Barbara Heck, known as the "Mother of North American Methodism."

The story of Barbara Heck and her contribution toward the establishment of Methodism on the North American continent, as a result of Wesley's preaching, is one worth remembering, for not only did she remain true to the British Crown at the time of the American Revolution, but she was chiefly instrumental in the establishment of Methodism in America, first in New York and later in Upper Canada, Augusta township.

Barbara Heck came of a family which migrated from the Rhine Palatinate in 1708. She was borne at Ballingarry, Ireland, in 1734, came strongly under the influence of the teaching of John Wesley, and in 1760, with her husband, joined a number of people who, under the stress of hard times, had decided to seek a home in the New World.

Settling in the city of New York, she became one of the most devoted of the leaders of the little band of Methodists, and it was mainly through her faith and enthusiasm that there was

built on John Street, now in the very heart of downtown New York, the first Methodist church on the North American continent. In order to avoid the penalty of law, which decreed that dissenters could not erect "regular churches", it was equipped with a fireplace and chimney. On October 30, 1768, the new church, to which had been given the name Wesley Chapel, was dedicated to the service of God by Philip Embury. For about 10 months Embury remained its pastor and was then honourably released from his duties upon the arrival from England of two Methodist preachers.

In 1770 Embury, along with Paul and Barbara Heck and a few others, moved to Salem, New York State, where they continued to sow the seed of Methodism. Philip Embury died in the summer of 1775 at the age of 45 years. At the same time the American Revolution broke out and, rather than join in the revolt against the Mother Country, the little band of loyal subjects sold their possessions and, in two unwieldy bateaux, they made their long and arduous journey over unknown waters to Canada.

For two years, until the termination of the war, they lived quietly in Montreal. At that time, over-



The mortal remains of Barbara Heck, "Mother of American Methodism," rest beneath this granite memorial in the graveyard of the Little Blue Church in Augusta Township.



The Little Blue Church, now under the jurisdiction of the Church of England, of which Barbara Heck's husband was one of the original trustees.

come with a desire to return to the simple life they had enjoyed all their lives, the Hecks, accompanied by a few close friends, journeyed to what was then the virgin wilderness of Upper Canada. In Augusta township, about eight miles east of Brockville, they built their humble homes, cleared the land, and laid a firm foundation for Methodism in Canada. In that district the Hecks organized a congregation and their home was for many years the headquarters of the early circuit-riders. Beside the bank of the St. Lawrence there was ultimately erected a church known as the Little Blue Church, now under the jurisdiction of the Church of England, and of it Paul Heck was one of the original trustees.

Paul Heck died in 1796, at the age of 62 years, and he was buried almost

immediately beside the little frame building of which he had been a trustee. His saintly wife, who had borne him children, followed him to the grave 8 years later, at the age of 70 years. She, likewise, was buried under the shade of the maples which surround the Little Blue Church in Augusta township. There, in 1908, was erected an impressive granite memorial, the gift of the people of both Canada and the United States, on which was inscribed:

"Barbara Heck put her brave soul up against the rugged possibilities of the future and, under God, brought into existence American and Canadian Methodism, and between these her memory will ever form a most hallowed link. In memory of one who laid foundations others have built upon."



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Editor's Note Book

Our Contributors

General MacBrien's authoritative article represents one angle, and perhaps the most interesting one, of his comprehensive address on the Mounted Police at the annual meeting of the Society. It supplements very effectively Mr Turner's account of the early history of the Force in the February and March numbers. General MacBrien writes not only with the wide knowledge of the commanding officer of the Police, but also from personal experience gained in visits to many of the far northern posts by air, piloting his own machine.

Bonnycastle Dale, an effective relator of tales of the Atlantic Coast, describes here a trip around the Nova Scotia coast in search of some of the more fantastic of the inhabitants of the sea. Kenneth Andrews offers a timely contribution to our knowledge of the modern people of that ancient land that has been lately very much in the public eye due to the unsuccessful rebellion led by the war-time prime-minister Eleutherios Venizelos. The well known statesman showed unfortunate lack of judgment in allowing himself to be implicated in a movement doomed to failure. Donald C. G. MacKay describes a remote lake in northern British Columbia, once the happy hunting ground of fur-traders, and still off the beaten track though not very far from the main line of the Canadian National Railways. H. P. Feeney has caught in his article on Dublin something of the characteristic atmosphere of that picturesque capital. Fredric Wooding is a young Brockville journalist.

Exploring the Andes

At a well-attended lecture to members of the Society, in the hall of the National Museum in Ottawa, on March 26th, Mr A. V. Coverley-Price, M.A., F.R.G.S., gave a very entertaining and informative account of the expedition of

1932 from Lima, Peru, through the Andes to the upper waters of the Amazon. The expedition was led by the late Professor John Walter Gregory, F.R.S., who was drowned in the rapids of a tributary of the Amazon. Thereafter the leadership fell upon Mr Coverley-Price. The lecture was illustrated with slides made from a series of sketches made on the spot by Mr Coverley-Price. The substance of the lecture will, it is hoped, appear in a forthcoming number of the *Journal*.

The Mounted Police March of 1874

The attention of the Editor has been drawn to a slight error in the title to the picture of Colonel James Walker on page 107 of the March number. Colonel Walker is the last surviving *officer* of the famous march of the Mounted Police of 1874, but he is not the last survivor of the party. One of those who made that memorable journey, and still lives to tell the stirring tale, is Colonel J. B. Mitchell, of Winnipeg.

Canadian Air Traffic

It is perhaps natural that a young country should take kindly to new ideas. Certainly Canada has not been backward in her use of such modern developments as radio and the aeroplane. And in both the far north of the Dominion has benefitted to an exceptional degree. Air communication and air travel have made possible an amazingly rapid expansion of mining and other activities, and at the same time have removed what was formerly the most formidable handicap to life in those remote parts of the country — the time and effort needed to get there and to return, and the fact that once there the white man was absolutely cut off from his own world. To-day every trading post and mining camp is either directly connected by air with the outside world, or is within comparatively easy reach of such connection. It would be difficult

to imagine what the radio means to these isolated groups of people — sometimes exceedingly small groups; and particularly the kindly practice of the Canadian Radio Commission of sending private messages from their kinsfolk to men in the Arctic or Sub-arctic.

Equally significant are the figures of air traffic. From a statement recently issued by Canadian Airways it appears that the express carried by this company alone has increased from 382 tons in 1931 to 2883 tons in 1934. A decade ago the total of air mail and express carried by all aircraft in Canada amounted to only 39 tons. In 1934 the pilots of Canadian Airways flew nearly 17,000 hours, and covered over a million and a half of miles; 472,308 pounds of mail were carried in addition to the express, and 16,594 passengers. Since the beginning of 1927 these pilots have flown a total of 10,750,215 miles. It is worth noting that this air traffic in Canada is not in competition with railways and other ground means of transport but is confined almost entirely to that part of the country not served by railways, and which, so far as the greater part of it is concerned, will never be served by railways because of the prohibitive cost.

Portraits of Cartier

A propos Major Lanctôt's article on portraits of Cartier in the March number of the *Journal*, it is a curious fact that of none of the French explorers of Canada has there ever been, or at any rate has there survived, a portrait that is unquestionably authentic. Of the several pictures that are supposed to represent the features of Champlain, not one is accepted to-day by scholars as undoubtedly a true likeness. There are several pictures and statues of La Vérendrye, but they are all imaginary portraits. In his case there is nothing in his own narrative or in the records of his contemporaries to even suggest what manner of a man he was physically, though one can gather a quite definite impression of his character. It is still a question if there is a genuine portrait of La Salle; and it is certain that there is none of Marquette, Jolliet, Radisson, Nicolet, Dulhut, Allouez, or any of the other early discoverers of Canada.



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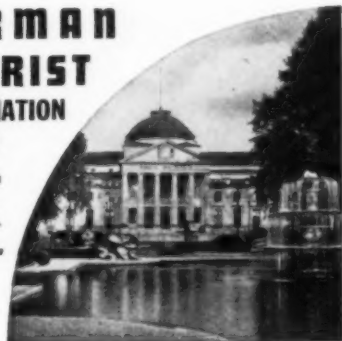
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Canadian Geography in New York

The wealth of source material available in the New York Public Library to the student of Canadian history is abundantly demonstrated by the exhibition which is now being held at that institution. While it is intended to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of the Saint Lawrence by Jacques Cartier in 1534-5, the exhibition does not confine itself to that explorer but ranges from the earliest voyages to the proclamation of the Dominion, telling the story of the exploration, settlement, and history of Canada through a display of books, maps, prints, and manuscripts. Practically all the material shown is contemporary with the events concerned, and everything in the exhibition, it should be noted, is the property of the Library.

As a background the exhibition offers 15th-century editions of the romantic tales of Marco Polo and Mandeville, together with accounts of the voyages of Cartier's forerunners to the coast of North America, the Northmen, the Cabots, Verrazano, Corte Real and Gomez.

The next section covers the three voyages of Jacques Cartier: the first in 1534 when he discovered the Gulf of Saint Lawrence; the second in the following year when he explored the Saint Lawrence River as far as the Indian town of Hochelaga, the present site of Montreal; and the third in 1541-42, including Roberval's unsuccessful attempt to establish a colony. The disastrous failures of the French to establish settlements in Brazil and in Florida, and the English voyages of Frobisher, Gilbert, and Davis, in search of the North-West passage conclude this section.

The founding of the colony at Port Royal in Acadia, and the early efforts to convert the Indians are told in Lescarbot's "*Histoire de la Nouvelle France*," in a number of rare pamphlets, and in the "*Relation*" of Biard, the first Jesuit to come to Canada. The explorations of Champlain are next shown by his great map of 1632, and by first editions of his four books of travels.

The founding of Quebec in 1608, of Montreal in 1642, and the coming of

the Recollets, the Jesuits, and the Ursulines, to look after the religious welfare of the colony, and to convert the Indians, begins another chapter of the history of New France.

The Jesuits were zealous missionaries and intrepid explorers. Each year, from 1632 to 1673, the superior of the mission in Quebec sent back to the provincial of the order in France a narrative, or "*Relation*," of the principal events compiled from the reports of the various members. The Library has a complete set of the "*Relations*," and many of them are used to tell the absorbingly interesting story of these labours in New France.

The long struggle between France and Great Britain for dominion in North America, culminating in the memorable siege of Quebec in 1759, and in the cession of Canada to Great Britain by the treaty of 1763, forms the subject of nearly five cases of unusual interest.

This section is followed by four cases devoted to the Quebec Act of 1774, the establishment of representative government, the relations with the United States, and other events of the fifty years following the peace.

Two cases are devoted to the discovery of Hudson's Bay, the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company, Lord Selkirk's Red River colony, and the explorations of the North-West by Hearne, Vancouver, Mackenzie, Franklin, and Lewis and Clark.

Views from contemporary volumes of travel picture some aspects of Canadian life in the early nineteenth century and introduce the section dealing with the Rebellion of 1837-1838.

The concluding section deals with the movement for federation, and the British North America Act of 1867 establishing the Dominion.

Supplementary divisions of the exhibition display pictures of the life and customs of the Canadian Indians, taken from early seventeenth-century books of travel.

Another section is devoted to the beginnings of printing in Halifax, Quebec, and Montreal, and to a selection of representative specimens of early Canadian printing.

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Travel - Adventure - Recreation**Maps for Tourists and Sportsmen**

The importance of detailed maps as an aid to the tourist, particularly the sportsman, is pointed out in the last annual report of the Topographical and Air Survey Bureau of the Department of the Interior. A great many inquiries were received during the year, for the Muskoka and Kenora sheets in Ontario; the Shelburne sheet in Nova Scotia; the Maniwaki, Gracefield, and Quebec sheets in Quebec; and the Glacier Park sheet in British Columbia. Other maps that will be available for the 1935 tourist season are Lachute, in the Quebec highlands north of Montreal; Algonquin, showing a large part of the Ontario provincial park; and Jasper Park, North and South sheets, showing this National reservation in Alberta.

As an aid to flyers the Topographical and Air Survey Bureau of the Department of the Interior issues a number of aerial strip maps and navigation charts that are invaluable to aviators for determining and adhering to routes while in course of flight.

Canada's Unmapped Areas

At the annual meeting of the Canadian Institute of Surveying, in Ottawa, Mr B. W. Waugh, D.L.S., said that only 17 per cent of the country could be considered to be mapped with reasonable accuracy, and 15 per cent more to a standard of what he called intermediate accuracy, leaving 68 per cent of the area of the Dominion defined only by information of the most meagre description. Mr Waugh did not attempt to give the area of which nothing was yet known, but, in spite of the efforts of official and other explorers, and the tremendous impulse given to exploration by the aeroplane, it is undoubtedly true that it still represents a very considerable area, particularly in Northern Canada. Mr Waugh compared conditions in Canada with those in Great Britain and the United States.

In the former country the entire area is mapped to a coutoured scale of one mile to one inch; while in the latter 20 per cent of the area is so mapped; Canada has only 2 per cent covered to the same scale of precision. While the very low percentage in Canada is regrettable, it is only fair to remember that her area is about 42 times that of Great Britain, and that her means of carrying out surveys cannot begin to compare with those of the United States.

The Search for Kruger

In February, 1934, the *Journal* published a brief note on the unsuccessful hunt for members of the lost Kruger Expedition in Ellesmere Island of the Arctic Archipelago. The following particulars are taken from J. Gordon Hayes' *Conquest of the North Pole*, reviewed elsewhere:

"That year (1930) Dr H. K. E. Kruger, R. A. Bjare and the Eskimo Akoioa left the post (Royal Canadian Mounted Police) on the Bache Peninsula to make the reconnaissance for a larger scientific expedition in the north of the Sverdrup country. They were trusting, though to what extent is not on record, to living on the country; and Kruger, before setting out, had been suffering from meat poisoning. It is also said that he had insufficient ammunition for a long journey. His party failed to return to Bache and the Police made a search in 1931. As no trace of the missing party was found, Corporal Stallworthy and Constable Hamilton led other search parties in 1932. They left Bache together on 20th March with seven Eskimos, of whom Ettookashoo of Dr Cook's and Koch's journeys was one, and 124 dogs. From Bay Fjord Stallworthy went north and Hamilton west. The reports of each state that the dogs suffered from want of fresh meat when fed only on pemmican. Hamilton saw no sign of Kruger at Cape South-West on 3rd April and



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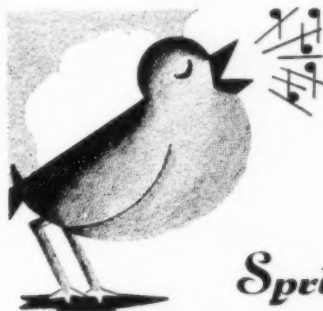
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crossed to North Cornwall, returning to Cape South-West on the 12th. Next day his party covered fifty miles in the 24 hours. One of the Eskimos was severely injured in the hip by a wounded bear which the Eskimo afterwards killed. Baumann Fjord was reached on the 22nd and the land crossed to Smith Bay; the east coast was then followed northwards and Bache regained on May 7th. Blizzards and deep snow had impeded progress; 17 dogs had succumbed. A distance of 25 miles was not considered a good day's march. The total distance sledged was 943 miles, and Hamilton's opinion was that Kruger had been north of the country visited on this patrol. The Eskimos were confident that the missing party had perished before 1931.

"Kruger had intended to travel over the pack to the north of Axel Heiberg Land; but as he had only one heavily-loaded sledge, Corporal Stallworthy believed the journey impracticable. The latter officer parted from Hamilton on the 24th March and drove northward along Eureka Sound where much game was seen; when the dogs became hungry and weak from their diet of canned meat, six bull musk-oxen were shot on 4th April after which the dogs pulled better. Musk-oxen are now strictly preserved in Canadian territory. Schei Island was found to be a peninsula. All the shores were carefully searched for signs of Kruger, but nothing was found until the north of Axel Heiberg Land was attained. Here a report, written in German, was discovered; it was dated 24th April, 1930, and said that the party had visited Lands Lokk and were then on their way to Meighen Island. The record was signed by all the members of the party.

"On proceeding to the south-west, Stallworthy became short of food, owing to the restrictions in killing musk-oxen and the roughness of the route. It was therefore necessary to aim for the depot at Cape South-West, and before reaching it some of the dogs were staggering from weakness, though the men's food had been given to the bitches. On the 24th April six dogs had to be killed to feed the remainder. Next day the depot was reached by leaving the heaviest

equipment behind, and a note was found from Hamilton. A few days' supply of tinned meat was in the depot, but the dogs did not recover condition until seven caribou were shot on the 26th; this meat also proved insufficient, because lean, and on the 29th the dogs were again hungry and weak. On reaching Eureka Sound, six more dogs had to be killed and the party went hunting. A seal of about 300 lbs. was secured on the 4th May, the fat of which was equal to half a dozen caribou. Other seals and a bear were afterwards shot, and on the 9th Ettookashoo went back for the equipment. The return was by Bay and Flaglet Fjords and Bache regained on the 23rd May after 65 days in the field. The distance sledged was at least 1400 miles, and the map had received some corrections. Stallworthy says that no severe hardships were experienced by the men, though 29 dogs were lost; and he believes that Kruger's party perished on or beyond Meighen Island during the winter of 1930-31 from want of food. Ettookashoo and Nookapinguaq are specially mentioned as excellent guides. Corporal Stallworthy is to be congratulated on a very fine journey."

Medical Officers in the Arctic

The provision of medical care for the native inhabitants of the far north is a responsibility of the Dominion Government. For thousands of miles along the Arctic coast and islands Government medical officers travel, in fair weather and in foul, bringing aid to the Eskimo and the Indian. Winter and summer patrols of hundreds of miles are not unusual, and every mode of transport known to the north country, aeroplane, steamboat, motor boat, canoe and dog-sled, is used to extend the service to remote communities. Although a healthy and organically sound race, the Eskimos are seriously susceptible to ailments which ordinarily cause white people only minor discomfort. Before the coming of the white man the Eskimos were isolated and knew nothing of the common ills of the newcomer. There had been no need to build up resistance to the attacks of influenza and kindred ailments. Consequently the arrival of

the first whaling and trading vessels each season was followed by widespread outbreaks among the natives, often with fatal results. The medical service now takes particular care to check the spread of these diseases, and it is hoped that in time the Eskimo will build up the necessary resistance to ward off the attacks. They are also encouraged to continue their hunting of the seal and caribou so that the necessary proportion of fats to meet the rigours of far northern winters may be maintained, a condition not met by the use of white man's food.

Monuments to Canadian Explorers

In more than one of his public addresses in Canada, Sir Percy Sykes called attention to the fact that Canada had few monuments to her great explorers. That is unfortunately true. Conventional cairns with bronze tablets have been placed by the National Sites and Monuments Board at various points throughout the country, such as the place — or what is thought to be the place — where Alexander Mackenzie painted his famous inscription on reaching the waters of the Pacific; there is the stone cross unveiled last summer to mark one of the landfalls of Jacques Cartier, on the Gaspé coast; the monument given by Italian citizens of Montreal to that city in memory of John Cabot, and the tower at Halifax dedicated to the same great discoverer; the not very impressive Champlain monument on Nepean Point, Ottawa; and the imaginary statues of La Vérendrye in front of the Legislative Building at Quebec and in the grounds of the Legislative Building at Winnipeg. There are other memorials, such as the reconstruction of Kootenay House on Lake Windermere in the Columbia Valley in memory of David Thompson. But when all is said and done it still remains that Canadians lag a long way behind the people of the United States in recognizing in such tangible ways their debt of gratitude to and their national pride in the men who helped to discover this country and put it on the map. Perhaps when times improve and money is available for such purposes, Sir Percy Sykes' timely reminder may bear fruit.

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Amongst the New Books

New Zealand. By Ernest Young and Samuel Carter Gilmour. London: George Philip & Son. 1934. 8d.

This is the latest volume in the series of little descriptive readers known as "Life Overseas", of which Canada, South Africa, Australia, India and Newfoundland had already been published. In simple language it deals with such matters as the forest, clearing the land, farming, sheep raising, dairy farming, big game fisheries, scenery and the Maoris.

* * *

Acadia at the End of the 17th Century. Letters, Journals and Memoirs of Joseph Robineau de Villebon, Commandant in Acadia, 1690-1700. By John Clarence Webster. Saint John, N.B., New Brunswick Museum. 1934. \$5. (For sale only at the Museum).

With his customary scholarly thoroughness Dr Webster has edited these documents, which throw much light upon an important period in the history of Acadia. During the decade covered by the papers Villebon was stationed at a fort which stood on the west side of Saint John harbour. It is therefore particularly appropriate that his journals should form the first monograph issued by the New Brunswick Museum in Saint John. The book is equipped with ample illustrative material in the form of plans, sketches and maps, and forms on the whole an important contribution to the history of New Brunswick.

* * *

The Conquest of the North Pole. By J. Gordon Hayes. London: Thornton Butterworth Ltd. 1934. \$6.

The purpose of this book is to "attempt to give an accurate and proportionate narrative of Arctic exploration and research during the last 25 years approximately." That period, as we are reminded in the Preface, is "closely crammed with incident and adventure." The author also emphasizes another

point in his Introduction. "Arctic history has suffered from prejudice as well as ignorance" he says, and "truth is not so much concerned with reputations as with facts." A careful reading of Mr Hayes' work will convince anyone that he has sought and recorded his facts without fear or favour, and on the whole made a very good job of it. Included are sufficiently complete accounts of the expeditions of Amundsen, Mikkelsen, Rasmussen, Mylius-Erichsen, Stefansson, Bernier, MacMillan, the Oxford and Cambridge parties, Nobile and Andrée, Wegener, Eckener and Watkins. The book is well illustrated and equipped with several excellent maps.

* * *

Relation of the Voyage to Port Royal in Acadia or New France. By the Sieur de Dièreville. Translated by Mrs Clarence Webster. Edited by John Clarence Webster. Toronto: The Champlain Society. 1933.

With the publication of this work there are now available in English, and in the admirable and authoritative form of all Champlain Society publications, five notable works relating to Acadia — those of Champlain, Lescarbot, Denys, Le Clercq and Dièreville. Dr Webster in his Introduction and notes fully maintains the high standard set by those who edited the earlier volumes for the Society. Dièreville's narrative takes the unusual form of alternate passages in prose and verse. The explanation is found in his dedication to Begon, father of the famous Intendant of Canada, in which he reminds his patron that he had asked that the relation should be written in verse. Dièreville compromised, perhaps finding the task of putting his narrative altogether in verse too arduous. In any event, his *Relation* makes very interesting reading. The author reveals himself as a man of keen and catholic observation with a decided sense of humour.

Prairie Settlement. The Geographical Setting. By W. A. Mackintosh. *The Settlement of the Peace River Country.* By C. A. Dawson and R. W. Murchie. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1934. \$4. each.

These two books are volumes I and VI of the important series "Canadian Frontiers of Settlement," financed by the Social Science Research Council, and edited by W. A. Mackintosh and W. L. G. Joerg in 9 volumes. The work as a whole promises to be a valuable contribution to a comparatively neglected and exceedingly important subject. As Dr Isaiah Bowman points out in his Foreword to the first volume, "an orderly and scientific study of the land question is a first consideration in the shaping of sound and discriminating policies with respect to the production, transport and marketing of produce as well as to the placing of people upon the best accessible land, the education of children in pioneer communities, citizenship training and the scale and rate of investment of public funds." As a cooperative enterprise the series tests the calibre of Canadian scholarship, and to judge from the quality of these two volumes it will reflect credit upon all those who have been associated in its preparation.

* * *

A Modern Wayfarer in Persia. By Constance M. Alexander. London: Arthur H. Stockwell Ltd. 1934.

Not so many years ago the only way of getting about Persia was by mule or pony over rough trails. To-day it is possible to reach the widely-separated towns of the country in an automobile, if not always in comfort at least at reasonable speed, and, as Miss Alexander points out, the only serious handicap is the quaintness of the so-called hotels, with their total lack of sanitation and bathing arrangements. These, however, are matters that will not deter the determined traveller, who will find ample recompense in the wealth of historical associations that cling to such places as Isfahan and Teheran, Shiraz, Persepolis and Tabriz; and those who may not go so far afield will find much to interest them in the pages of this book.

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